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# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

5 CENTS A NUMBER

JANUARY, 1904.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE,  
MUSIC, ART, RELIGION, FACTS, FICTION AND TRADITIONS OF  
THE NEGRO RACE.



MISS MATTIE HAWKINS,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

(Page 896, December number)

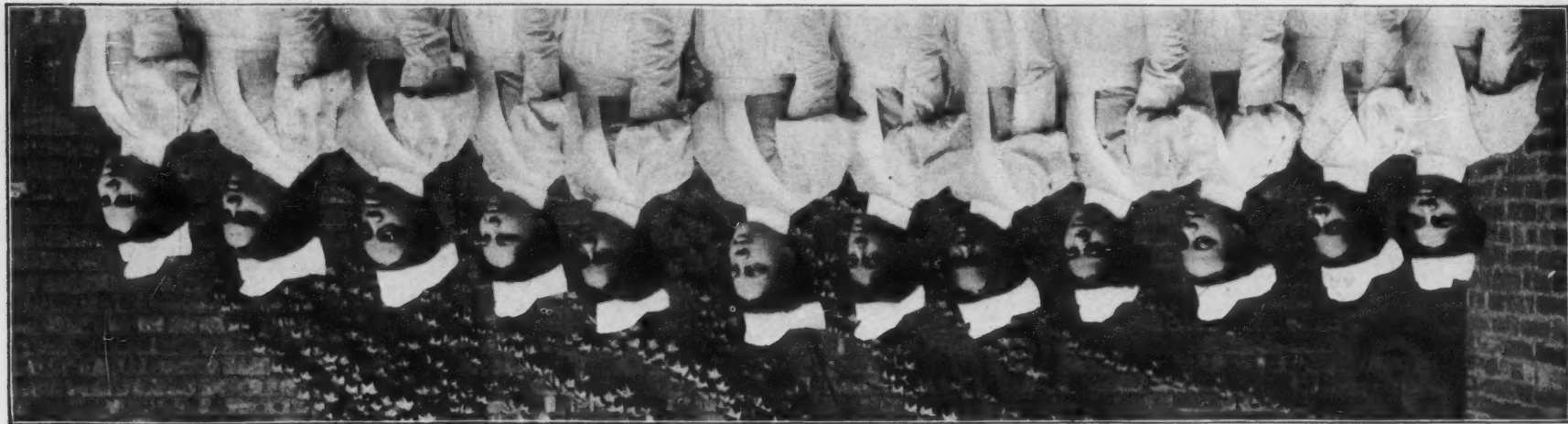
— PUBLISHED BY —  
THE COLORED CO-OPERATIVE  
PUBLISHING COMPANY

82 WEST CONCORD ST., BOSTON, MASS.

— SKETCH '01

See page 66.

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF LINCOLN HOSPITAL AND TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES, NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 10TH AND 11TH, 1903.



221  
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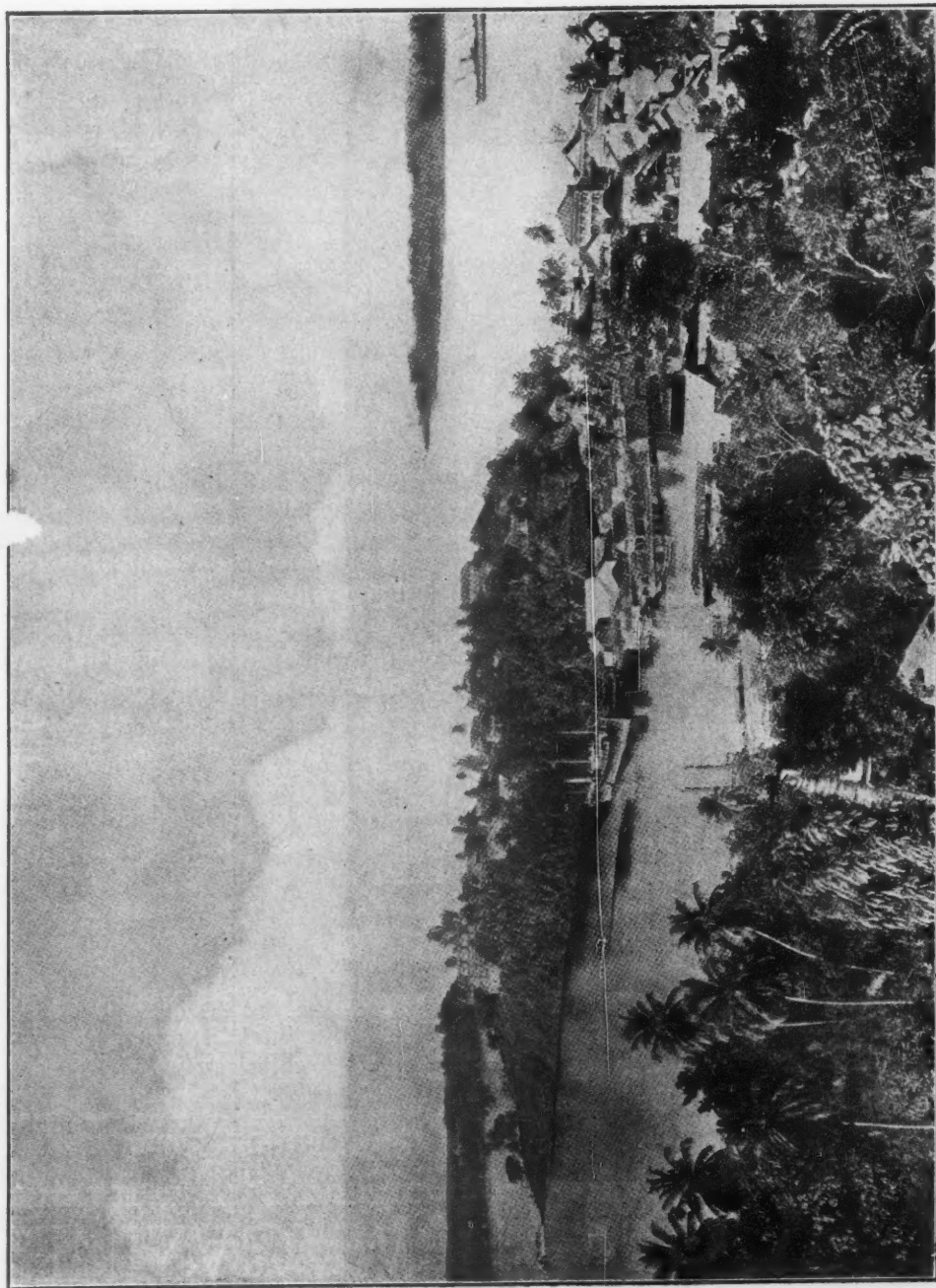
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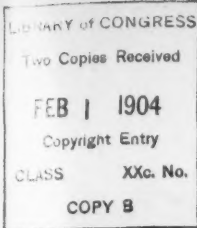




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PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA, B. W. I.





# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1904.

NO. 1.

## A TRIP TO PARADISE.

BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF A NEW YORKER IN THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA

JOHN C. FREUND\*

Port Antonio,  
Island of Jamaica, West Indies.  
Easter Morning, April 13, 1903.

It seems to me, as I look out on the mountains, rising peak over peak, clothed with verdure and waving palms; on the blue water glistening, as it dances in the gorgeous sunlight, that I must have died, and all my sins, especially that of ever having tried to publish a musical paper—that would satisfy the musicians,—being forgiven, I have awakened in Paradise.

A Negro waiter, in an immaculate white suit, bearing a tray with some biscuits and a cup of coffee, reminds me that I am still on earth, and on the Island of Jamaica, one of the principal colonial possessions of His Gracious Majesty, King Edward VII.

I left New York to get rid of a combination of grippe, rheumatism and incipient pneumonia. I made up my mind that I wanted to go where the sun shone, where the air was warm and balmy, where there were no elevated trains, no automobiles, and where they were not excavating for new build-

ings or a subway—morning, noon and night.

Why did I go to Jamaica?

I always had a desire to visit the Tropics, and in my old college days my "chum", Mayhew, the son of the Bishop of Jamaica, had given me so graphic and interesting a description of the island, that I had never forgotten it. Then I am much interested in the colored people. I like them as much as I dislike the Indians. The Negro for me as against the red man and the Malay—they are all one race—every time!

When I think of the colored people, the noble lines of their poet, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, come to my mind:

"Upon thy brow the cross was laid,  
And labor's painful sweat-beads made  
A consecrating chrism.  
No other race, or white or black,  
When bound as thou wert, to the rack,  
So seldom stooped to grieving;  
No other race, when free again,  
Forgot the past and proved them men  
So noble in forgiving."

In Jamaica, the so-called colored

\*The series of articles entitled "A Trip to Paradise," were originally contributed to his paper by John C. Freund the editor of "The Music Trades" the leading paper in the musical industries. Mr. Freund, who is an Englishman, though of German parentage, is the pioneer in musical and music trade journalism in this country, having started the first paper of its kind in New York in 1872. He was born in London, in 1848, and received his education at Oxford and London Universities. He came to this country in 1871 and has been engaged in active journalism ever since. He has also produced several plays, and is well known as a writer on social economics and has shown much interest in the colored people.—EDITOR THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

problem has been solved. In that island there are seven hundred thousand people of color, from full-blooded Negroes to octoroons, and less than fifteen thousand whites. I was curious to see how the thing worked.

The best way to get to Jamaica, so I was told, was by one of the United Fruit Companies steamers, which run between Boston and Port Antonio. So on Tuesday afternoon, my wife and I, bade farewell to the smoke-laden air of New York, and started on our eighteen-hundred-mile journey from the Grand Central Depot.

We had the usual poor dinner in the dining-car which met us at Springfield, but arrived without incident in Boston, where we put up at the Essex Hotel, which we were told was not far from the Long Wharf, from which the steamer for Jamaica was to sail next morning.

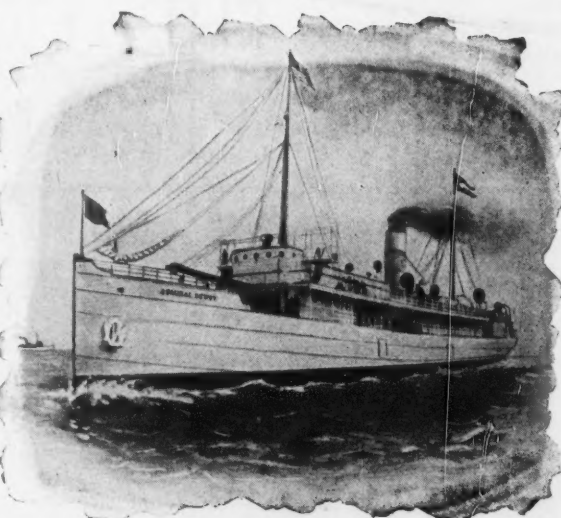
We did not get much sleep, as we were right over the elevated railroad, and the trains, which run all night, are started from each station by a system of Chinese gong signals, which can be heard about three miles.

After breakfast, next morning, we drove through the fog and drizzle to the wharf where the "Admiral Dewey" lay.

As it was late in the season for tourists, there did not seem to be many passengers, but those that were going had an army of friends to see them off. We soon found out that there were two bridal couples on board, bound for a honey-moon in Jamaica.

A sailor told me, in a whisper, that brides always meant bad weather, and that if there was a "sky pilot" aboard, as he called a clergyman, as well, we should not have clear weather until we got to Cuba. He proved a true prophet!

One young man, as he said "good-



THE ADMIRAL DEWEY.

bye" to his friends, expressed his determination to play the piano on the entire trip, as a cure for seasickness. He said if the people were cheered up they would not get sick.

I groaned in spirit at the prospect of that piano going for five blessed days.

At last we were off.

The wharves, docks and buildings of Boston were soon lost in the fog, as we slowly turned and made for the mouth of the harbor, tooting our fog-horn every minute.

Here and there we could make out an island through the haze, ships at anchor, and in one place a large steamer aground on a reef, with half a dozen puffing tugs trying to pull her off.

In a couple of hours we were out in the open sea, headed East, to clear Cape Cod.

All the passengers assembled for lunch. They always do for the first meal. The party consisted of Mr. Barker, formerly a paymaster in the Navy, and now superintendent of delivery in the Boston post-office. With Mr. Barker, who bears a striking resemblance to Admiral Dewey, was his wife,

a handsome woman, full of life. In their party were several young men, one of whom we promptly nicknamed "The Earl of Pawtucket," after the character in Gus Thomas' clever play. He was "so very English, you know!"

Then there was a young minister with his fiancée and her mother, all the way from Providence, R. I. The two newly married couples, a bronzed Jamaican planter, who spoke English with a Spanish accent; a young Boston doctor with his pretty sister; a prim dame from Maine; the cashier of a bank; the young fellow who had threatened to play the piano during the entire trip, with the "Jim-Jam" man and ourselves, about made up the passenger list.

We called him the "Jim-Jam" man because he had 'em, and he had 'em bad, but the poor fellow's terrible contortions were not due to drink, but to a life spent in a wholesale grocery house in Boston.

I suppose the confinement, the smell of the groceries, the long hours, had finally proven too much for him, and two weeks ago he had suddenly broken down, and began to tie up imaginary parcels during the night as well as the day.

So "the house" had paid for a trip to Jamaica, in the hope that the sea voyage and a few days' rest on the island would restore him.

Alas! the poor fellow went back on the same steamer, worse than ever.

We had not been at lunch long before the "Earl of Pawtucket" confided to my wife, who sat next to him, and had asked him whether he was not an Englishman, that, while he was not an Englishman, he came from the most English town in America, to wit, Cambridge, near Boston, Mass.

"You see," said he, "I'm not English,



Photo. by John C. Freund.

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BOUND SOUTH.

Mr. Baker is to the left of the picture'

but I get as near as I can—I buy me clothes in London!"

To which my wife dryly remarked, that she thought they looked it!

It was during this part of the trip that "the Earl" wore a most wonderful bicycle suit, with light brown stockings.

After lunch the young man who had threatened a continuous performance on the piano, began to get in his work.

He played two-steps and rag-time music, all by ear. He "rambled" from one tune to another. However, as the afternoon wore on and the weather grew worse, the ship began to roll and pitch so badly that he was forced to retire. We didn't see him again for three days, and then he was so weak that he had to be carried from his state-room up on deck.

We had that much to be thankful for, anyhow.

By the time the gong rang out for dinner that evening and Captain Israels took his seat at the head of the main



table, the deadly rolling and pitching had done their work. Of the entire passenger list only Mr. Barker, the Jamaican planter, the Boston doctor and his daughter, myself and my wife, who is a splendid sailor, answered the call. True, the poor "Jim-Jam" man sat down, but after the soup he suddenly rose from his seat, pirouetted around in a series of crazy circles that resembled the evolutions of a dancing dervish, and disappeared up the companion-way with a wild howl.

We had an awful night of it. The wind whistled and shrieked. The rain fell in torrents. The waves dashed against the vessel's side as if to engulf her. We retired to bed early, but not to sleep. Every minute the fog-horn tooted. Now and then, as we met a head sea, the steamer shook from head to stern. Once, when a gigantic wave struck her, it seemed as if her back was broken, and we must all go to the bottom. Even the captain confessed, next day, that it was the toughest night he had had in twelve months.

After breakfast the following morning the sky began to clear, but the sea was still angry. At mid-day the day's run showed only 307 miles.

While we were at lunch the 'Earl of Pawtucket' and the rag-time virtuoso emerged from their staterooms and gave us a ghastly smile of recognition as they struggled to reach the deck.

The day was uneventful, beyond a pleasant chat I had in the smoking-room with the captain, in the evening, who told of his adventures in the China and other seas.

I found the captain as genial and companionable as a man as he is capable and energetic as a seaman. He loves a good story. When he tells one himself, his appearance is most solemn. I send



Photograph by John C. Freund. Copyright 1903.

#### CAPTAIN ISRAEL SPINS A YARN.

a picture of him in the act of reciting a yarn to a lady passenger.

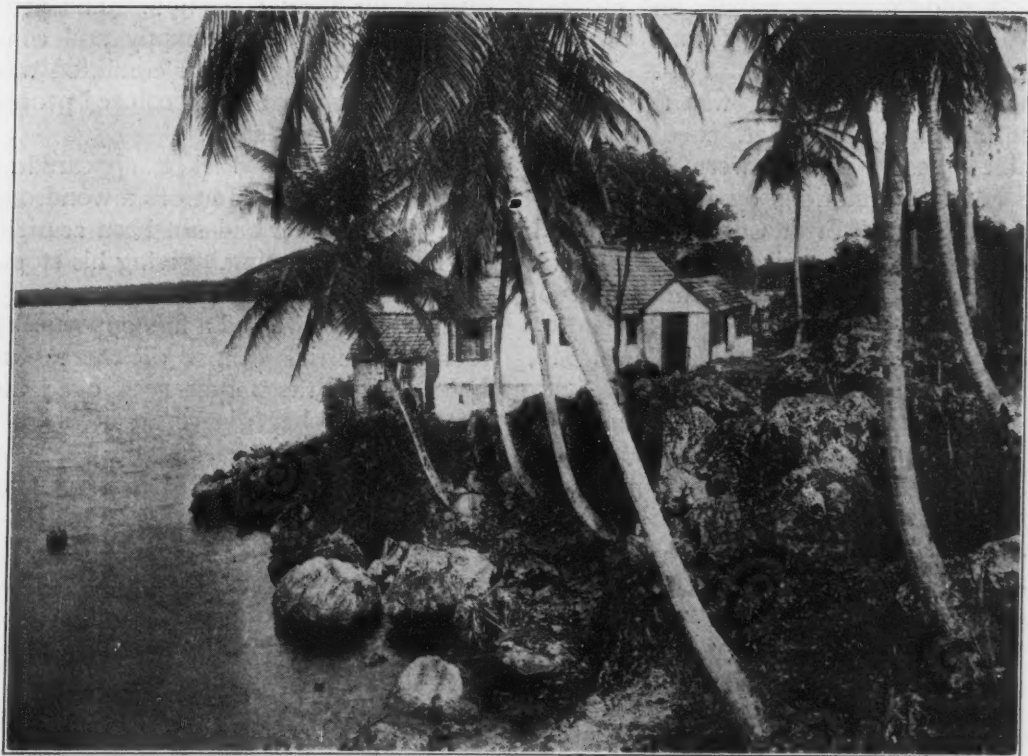
The discipline on his ship is splendid, and extends to the stewards, who are all, especially the stewardess, more than accommodating and careful of the comfort of the passengers.

The United Fruit Co. of Boston, which runs the steamship line, takes a pride in everything with which it is connected, and is so solicitous of the welfare of the travelling public that the ticket which each passenger gets is accompanied with a prettily gotten up note-book, which contains a deal of advice to those who seek the tropics for health, recreation or business.

One of the hints in this guide-book reads as follows:

"On boarding steamer, apply at once to the chief steward for a seat at the table. If you expect to be seasick, secure a seat as near the door and your stateroom as possible."

Fancy a man "expecting to be seasick."



A BIT OF THE COAST.

*Copyright 1903.*

Here is another hint:

"Do not rely upon your watch for the correct time, as the ship's time changes daily."

This advice can scarcely be followed, for the reason that the engineer keeps one kind of time, the captain another, while the clock in the saloon disagrees with both. However, to most of the travelers, after the start, the time didn't matter much, as, owing to the storm which raged nearly two days after we left Boston, nearly all were in a state of collapse in their staterooms.

The next day the waters were still rough, but the run was nearly 360 miles.

On Friday we were well into the Gulf stream, with clearing skies, but the ship continued to pitch and roll. We sailed

through great batches of yellowish-brown seaweed. The flying fish rose out of the waves as the ship's bow cut her way through the water.

That morning, as the sun came out, one of the brides appeared; so did some of the other passengers.

The Jamaica planter gave me a lot of interesting information about the island. He told me how the old products of rum, sugar and molasses had been supplanted by bananas, cocoanuts and pineapples. That was now the great industry, and was largely controlled by the United Fruit Co., which had a fleet of fine steamers that collected the fruit at the various ports and brought it to the United States. The business was so large and profitable that the company

did not bother about any other freight.

A good many pineapples and melons, as well as some sugar, rum, cocoa and tobacco, were also sent out of the island, but the main industry was the raising of bananas; after that, cocoanuts and pineapples. There were many fine cocoanut plantations on the island.

The United Fruit Co. was composed exclusively of Americans, who had done much to develop the northern part of the island, and had put up a fine hotel, the Titchfield House, at Port Antonio, whither we were bound.

The planter said further that in Jamaica I should find the colored people in the highest state of civilization known to their race anywhere. In Kingston, the capital, the mayor was a colored man, as were many of the most prominent officials. A great many Jamaican

Negroes had gone to the States or to Europe for their education. The people were prosperous, happy and contented. He thought their condition was far superior to that of the colored people in the United States.

The "Earl of Pawtucket" appeared at dinner that night. He wore a wondrous vest. He said he had not been seasick, but had been "dieting," giving his stomach a rest.

After dinner we had a fine opportunity to see a partial eclipse of the moon. Later, when the moon rose over the waters in all her glory, we all sat on deck and enjoyed the delightful breeze. It was such a night as you only get in Southern waters.

The next day, Saturday, we saw our first sail, or, rather, first vessel—a steamer making for Cuba with pig-iron. As



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NEGROES FISHING.



we overhauled her all the kodak fiends appeared on deck and there was much excitement.

That night we were well out of the Gulf stream. The weather was warm, a cool breeze met us over the bow as we sailed along, and we all were in high spirits.

A couple of hours after midnight we sighted land for the first time since we had left Boston, and saw the light on Watling Island.

Next morning, Easter Sunday, we passed among a number of low-lying islands, among them San Salvador, where Columbus is supposed to have made his first landing.

After lunch we all strained our eyes through our glasses for the first sight of Cuba.

A few hours later we were running along the extreme end of that island, not a mile from the shore, and later, when our course was changed for Jamaica, which, as you know, lies further to the southwest than Cuba, and between Cuba and Hayti, we passed near Santiago Bay, which our war-ships and transports entered to commence the short and decisive struggle with Spain.

Heavy clouds overhung the mountains behind which lies the city of Santiago.

That night everybody went to bed eager with anticipation for the morrow, for the captain had made up lost time, and we were to enter Port Antonio before dawn.

The captain told me to be up very early, as I would have a chance to see Jamaica in the moonlight from the sea. So at a quarter to four I came on deck and immediately rushed back to get my wife.

There, right before me, rose sheer out of the sea the long mountain chain which is the backbone of the island. Jamaica

is some one hundred and fifty miles long, and about fifty miles wide in the broadest part. The grandeur and mystery of the scene were awe-inspiring. The highest peak is over seven thousand feet high. The whole range was bathed in moonlight.

Presently a light flashed out on the water, and in the growing dawn I made out a long, thin canoe, with four rowers and a blazing torch. They were bringing the pilot on board. I was told the canoe was all one piece, having been hollowed out of a cotton-wood tree.

Lights began to appear on shore.

Later, as the sun rose over the waters and the moon's light paled over the mountains, a most enchanting scene broke upon us. The dense green foliage of the mountains came out.

We ran past the lighthouse into a beautiful harbor, in which lay ships at anchor, among them two American gun-boats.

The sloping banks that lined the harbor were dotted with picturesque houses. Everywhere palms waved in the breeze. The green of the land contrasted with the purple of the distant mountains and the blue of the water.

We had to wait for the doctor to come aboard. Then we ran in along the dock where we saw a number of Negroes, all decked out in their best, handsome, stylish-looking fellows.

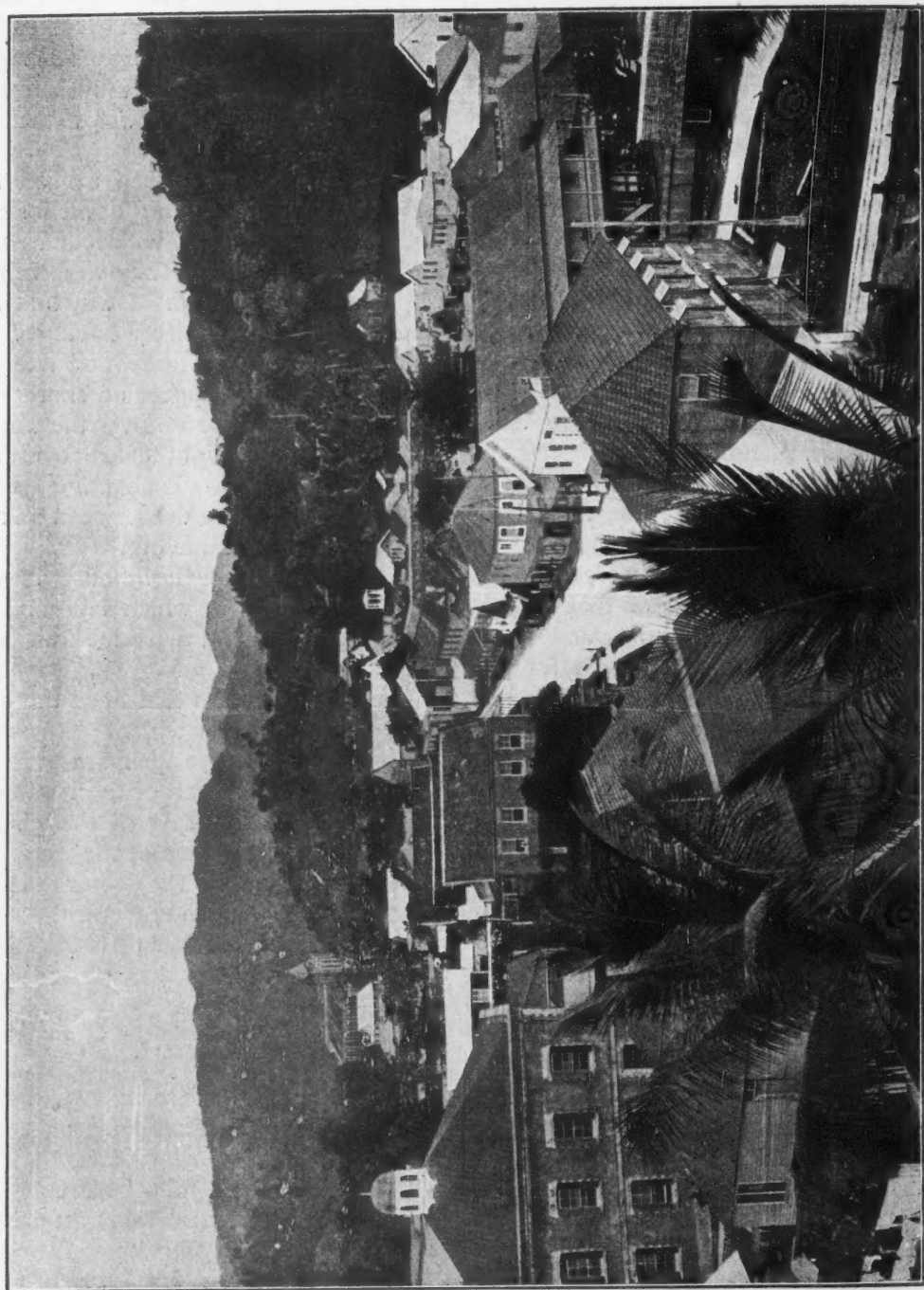
It was Easter Monday, and a general holiday.

As I stood on the dock, waiting to go ashore, a gentleman came on board and, walking up to me, said:

"I guess you are John C. Freund."

"Yes," said I, considerably astonished to find a Jamaican who knew me.

"Well, my name is Davis. I am manager of the Titchfield House. I used to be with a Boston concern who handled piano supplies. I have often



TOWN OF PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA.

Copyright 1903.

been in your office. Let me welcome you to Jamaica."

"What's that?"

"Can't get a drink at the Titchfield House! Strict temperance hotel!"

"The devil you say!"

"Eh?"

"Get all the rum you want in the town."

"Yes, but I don't drink rum—I would like a glass of cold beer, though."

"We'll fix you up all right. Come ashore."

"Hold on. You'll have to pass your baggage through His Majesty's custom house—there's the custom officer—colored man? Of course! Everybody's colored here. You'll find him a fine fellow, too."

"Who's that distinguished-looking Negro, with the gold eye-glasses?"

"That's the hotel porter."

(To be Continued.)

## INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION; WILL IT SOLVE THE NEGRO PROBLEM?

ANSWERED EACH MONTH BY THE GREATEST THINKERS OF THE BLACK RACE

I. HON. T. THOMAS FORTUNE.—Editor of the *New York Age*.

II. HON. JOHN EDWARD BRUCE.—Editor of the *Impending Conflict*.

### I.

HON. T. THOMAS FORTUNE.

The physician who claims that he can cure "all the ills flesh is heir to" is usually able to cure none, and is rated in his profession as a quack. There has been no time in the past twenty years, covered by the period of my journalistic work, when two or more sociological wise men have not occupied the centre of the controversial stage with a specific warranted to solve the Negro question in short order, and who have not believed that their nostrums were as sovereign as Henry Clay believed his unrivalled assortment of compromises would solve the question of slavery and its extension; but all the theories and makeshifts of the past have come to nothing, because, as Abraham Lincoln

put it, no question is settled until it is settled right.

We may multiply solutions of the Negro question until they litter the broad field of discussion as leaves litter a forest, without solving the question at all, unless we hit upon the correct one and put it to working. Such a solution is and has been working since the abolition of slavery, I believe. It is solving the Negro question, and will ultimately solve it. It has three component parts, viz.: the home, the church, and the school. Standing alone, neither industrial nor higher education can solve the Negro question; but, standing together, with the home and the church, a solution is possible. There is nothing new about this solution. It began to operate in social life in the infancy of





LOOKING ACROSS THE HARBOR, JAMAICA.

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mankind, and is simply evolution as we now understand it. It is the synthesis of ethical, mental and material forces. It has transformed Europe and America, and is transforming Asia and Africa from barbarism to civilization; from crude thinking to systematic thinking, for which the common school system and the college stand; from ignorant labor to intelligent labor; from the domination of caste to the domination of democratic equality of right and opportunity; from the concentration of wealth to the more general diffusion of it. This constitutes evolutionary force, which alone is powerful to lift men, races and nations from a low ethical, mental and material condition to a higher one.

The difficulty with most of those who have advanced some specific thing as a solution of the Negro question is that they have proceeded on the Hoffman idea that the Negro possesses race traits and tendencies peculiar to himself, and which, consequently, remove him from without the evolutionary force, making it necessary to establish an entirely new philosophy for his ethical expansion, mental enlargement and material growth. The absurdity of this construction of the matter is amply demonstrated by the evolutionary growth of the Afro-American people side by side with the other ethnic hyphenations of our heterogeneous citizenship, working with like tools and achieving like results. There has not been a crank in American life for a hundred years with a specific for lifting up or crushing out Afro-American hope and aspiration who has not proceeded on the preposterous assumption that the same rule of development which applies to the white races does not apply to the black, yellow and red races.

The man who insists that higher education will solve the Negro question is as much of a crank as the man who in-

sists that industrial education will do it; while the man who insists that both sorts of education may do it brings common sense to bear on a question about which too much passion and mysticism has been weaved.

The vital force in every race is, primarily, its industrial force. The whole social fabric rests upon it. All that rests upon it everywhere is ornamental and parasitical. The vast army that compose the leisure classes—tradesmen, professional men, society drones, philosophers and dreamers of all sorts, and loafers, who subsist by their wits or criminal practices,—all rest upon the industrial force in every social condition. The man with the dinner pail is the foundation of national life, producing its wealth in peace and defending its integrity in war. The classes may arrogate to themselves all power, all wealth, all culture; but the fact remains that the masses produce the wealth which makes culture possible, and are coming more and more to dominate social and political conditions in all lands. The captains of industry are beginning to realize this fact as never before in the history of the world. Asked who produced the wealth of the slave-holding class before the war, and the answer is, the slave masses; asked who supports the leisure classes of the South now.—the land-owners, the professional men, the bondholders and tradesmen of all sorts, and the precious politicians,—and the answer is, the free industrial masses. The taxes and rentals on realty, the interest on mortgages and incomes from stocks and bonds, all come out of the earnings of the industrial masses. It stands to reason, therefore, that the more intelligence and skill these masses possess, the higher and more skilled the education, the better producers of wealth they will become and the better citizens they will make.

The high rank which American manufactures now enjoy in the markets of the world is due to the superior intelligence of the industrial masses of the country, stimulated almost entirely by the extension and strengthening of the common and technical trade school systems of the country during the past quarter of a century, directed and controlled in large part by the college-bred force of thinkers and capitalists. In this country the diffusion of knowledge in the common and trade schools and the decentralization and diffusion of wealth among the industrial masses have progressed in almost geometrical ratio, an economic fact of great importance not true of any other country, Germany included. We have no colleges that we can dispense with; we have no trade schools that we can dispense with. They are all needed; they supplement each other; and that they are all full of eager students shows that this view of the matter is the correct one.

There has been nothing profitable in the furious discussion over the question of industrial versus higher education in the past two years, and confusion rather than clarification has been produced in the average mind by it. The people mostly concerned, those who want an "that education is best for a man always ting it; instinctively acting on a theory I set forth in an article in the Southern Workman, in 1898, and which still holds good to the end of the chapter, that, "education is best for a man always which stimulates most his peculiar genius and enables him to become the most useful citizen in the occupation he selects." While the angry disputants vex the tired nerves of discussion, the boy who wants a college education goes to the higher school of learning, and the one who wants an academic and industrial education goes to a trade school.

Neither is influenced in the least in his selection of a school by the "hot air" of angry disputation. That but one goes in for a college education to one hundred that goes in for an industrial education is as true of the white boy as of the black boy; the great mass of every race, by reason of limitations of one sort and another, inclining to the industrial and productive trades. The college attracts only the exceptional men, and the average men of wealth; the latter seldom attaining to high scholarship, and usually drifting into the leisure or parasitical classes after leaving college. If this rule were reversed the wheels of society would cease to revolve, and parasites would destroy the vitals of the state, as was the case in the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, when everybody wanted to belong to the leisure classes and nobody wanted to belong to the industrial masses.

The geniuses of every race, the captains of tens and of hundreds, will take care of themselves, even as in our own unfortunate race life in this Republic it has been done, and will be done, by such men as Benjamin Banneker, Richard Allen, Richard Varick, J. McCune Smith, Frederick Douglass, Daniel A. Payne and Alexander Crummell. They needed the higher light and leading, and got it, some of them without a day in school; even so was it with Henry Clay, Abraham Lincoln and Horace Greeley.

Dr. Booker T. Washington, the apostle of common sense and optimism, does not believe that higher education alone will solve the Negro problem. Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, the apostle of hysteria and pessimism, does not believe that higher education alone will solve the Negro problem. Then, why all this angry disputation, with lining up of partisans? Dr. Washington is regarded as the embodiment of the industrial idea of



education as an auxiliary force in the solution of the Negro question. He has built up an educational institution which commands the enthusiastic admiration of the American people, who have given it an endowment of quite one million dollars and contribute annually some \$150,000 for its support. He has also made a reputation for wise thinking and leading coextensive with civilization,—a man whom Professor John Spencer Bassett, a Southern white man, declares (in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* for October) to be “a great and good man, a Christian statesman, and take him all in all the greatest man, save General Lee, born in the South in a hundred years.”

Dr. DuBois as pronouncedly stands out as the embodiment of the higher educational idea. He has built up nothing that men can see and touch, simply because he has been very busy endeavoring to tear down what other men have built up and in discouraging the race in its hard struggle to get out of the darkness into the light, striving to force it “Within the Veil,” whatever that may mean in the lexicon of the mysticism, and barring the doors as effectually as possible with vast volumes of pessimistical hysteria. If the question turned upon accomplished results of industrial education, as represented in Dr. Washington’s labors, and of undemonstrated theories, gyrating in the nimbus of fran-

tic gesticulation and argumentation, as represented in Dr. Dubois’s labors, higher education would be laughed out of the equation of possible solutions of the Negro question. But, happily for the race and the Nation, hysteria does not pass current for wisdom, even when buttressed by higher education, nor common sense as folly, buttressed by an academic and industrial education. And the world makes a very broad distinction between the man who does things and the man who talks about doing things.

We need the learned few, and we shall have them always, for with the abundant opportunities inviting them on every hand, with the best colleges of our own and foreign lands open to them, the “Talented Tenth,” the embryonic captains of tens and hundreds, will come into their own, as they have done and will do in the future years. But the great masses of the race, who come not into the world with the feet of Mercury, will seek where they can the education that will enable them to fill to best advantage the occupations for which they have a preference. The world’s industrialism today demands the highest intelligence of its workers. The higher the education and the greater the skill the worker possesses the stronger man he makes in the place where he stands, the more valuable he is to himself and to the state.

## II.

HON. JOHN EDWARD BRUCE.

I am asked to contribute an article to “The Colored American Magazine,” on the subject: “Industrial Education; Will it Solve the Negro Question?”

Without entering into a critical analysis of the query propounded to arrive at

a true definition of the meaning of the phrase, “Negro Question,” I may be pardoned, I trust, if I shall have the temerity to asseverate that there is, properly speaking, no such question. The commonly accepted definition of it

is that the deplorable condition of the Negro in many sections of America constitutes what many white men and Negroes themselves flippantly denominate as the Negro Problem, or the Negro Question. The real Negro question is, When will the white man begin to love mercy, to deal justly, and to walk uprightly before God? This is the only question which concerns the Negro in America, and it is born of conditions which can be traced directly to the door of the white man.

It is dogmatically affirmed by the opponents of the Negro, that his presence in America makes what they are pleased to term The Negro Problem. I deny the correctness of the proposition and for the following reasons: (1) The Negro was stolen from his own land where he was happy and contented, by the white man who brought him to America, not to civilize and christianize him, but to dehumanize and brutalize him by making him a beast of burden, and a slave for his own benefit and that of his posterity. If "Anglo-Saxon" civilization and christianity is particularly proud of its achievements in civilizing (?) and christianizing (?) the Negro who for more than two hundred years gave his labor and his life to make that civilization and christianity possible — the Negro certainly is not proud of it. It is a poor recompense to the black man for years of unrequited toil, of suffering and hardships, of heart burnings and wailings of the Rachael's who would not be comforted. If the white man is proud of his record let him extract all the comfort out of it that he can. The law of compensation will ultimately take care of him.

(2) The Negro was brought into contact with a civilization and religion, both of which are foreign to him, and in a measure forced to accept them and he

was denied the poor privilege of enjoying the benefits and blessings of this civilization and religion to the extent which white men enjoyed them. He was a man and not a man, a child of God who did not dare to call the white man brother or to worship his heavenly Father in the same Holy Temple, at the same time and in the same place. The "Negro pew and the Negro gallery" fixed the status of these lowly and humble servitors and made them different in the eyes of these white children of the master and therefore "inferior to themselves."

(3) To serve his own selfish purposes the white man not only perverted the scriptures to justify the crime of man stealing which was then regarded as one of the cardinal principles in the christian code of ethics, but he made it a crime punishable in some cases with death, to teach Negroes to read even the word of the God of whom they claim to have taught us all that we now know, as though God was purely an American discovery.

(4) The white man therefore put a premium upon ignorance, when by legislative enactment he shut out the light from the Negro, and set metes and bounds to his intellect. His crimes of commission consisted in his fastening upon the Negro race a legacy of vice and immorality the like of which was unknown even amongst the most unenlightened peoples of the world.

(5) The Negro did not then, and does not now refuse to accept the civilization and the religion of the white man, however much he then as now doubts their efficacy in the uplifting of humanity.

(6) The white men have positively and sturdily failed to give either his civilization or his religion a fair chance to win their way into the hearts and confidence of those races and people who

have been forced to live under their influences.

(7) His civilization and his religion are white, and therefore the Negro has not been able to assimilate either, however willing or anxious he may have been to do so. The most unreal thing about the American Negro is his pretended devotion to American ideals in civilization and religion.

(8) The white man is responsible for the white Church. Contra-distinguished from the Black Church by an imaginary line, the white church in so many words announce to the world that the salvation which it dispenses is exclusively for the benefit of white people. It does not accept the doctrine of the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man" as a necessary part of Christian ethics, it on the contrary has elected to fix the place of the Negro in the religious world, and his place according to his ideas is not inside, but outside of the white Christian church. Thus the attitude of the white Christian church of America is one of hostility to the Bible record: "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ; there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Its teachings on the question of the equality of all men before God are out of harmony with the teachings of the master of us all. Both the civilization and the religion of the white man are contradictions. His "political equality" is a myth when we seek for its practical application, and his "brotherly love" is a delusion and a snare. "Between words and actions there is an ocean." He sends and sometimes carries the Gospel to the so-called heathen, in foreign lands, and finds it difficult to entertain them if they happen to have the opportunity to visit him in his homeland.

These and other good reasons that might be given constitute the basis of the so-called Negro Problem or Question, and fixes the responsibility for its existence where it properly belongs—at the door of the American white man. The honor, if there be any in it, belongs to him. It is his, not the Negro's question, let him settle it with his God, and his conscience.

If its solution were left to the Negro he would instantly remove every barrier, brush away every obstacle, and establish a rule of conduct among men irrespective of race, or creed, conformable to the teachings of the great teacher of mankind, who said: "As ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them." The practical application of this rule will solve the white man's problem, and he will not be compelled to seek a way out of the trouble which the greed and avarice of his ancestors for three generations, and his own selfishness, pride and love of power have brought upon his race.

Industrial Education for a class which has been grievously wronged for 250 years may in some slight measure salve the conscience of the men, whose fathers and themselves wronged it, by the denial of those opportunities and privileges which are naturally and inherently the heritage of every man who was made in the image of his maker.

The solution of this particular question is not nearly so important to Negroes as it is to white men, who are not ignorant of its importance, nor of their moral relation to it. Both their civilization and their religion are on trial before the God of races, and the nations of the world, and they will be put to the supremest test in the conflict through which they must inevitably pass to honorably deserve the names they bear. A civilization which brutalizes black men



is as bad, if not worse, than a religion whose devotees refuse to accept them as brothers because their skins happen to have been painted black by the finger of God.

I refuse to discuss this question as a white man would discuss it, or as a Negro who thinks as white men think on this and kindred questions of a racial character, I prefer to look at and discuss from the view point of a Negro.

What is the Negro problem then? (Admitting for the sake of argument that such a problem really exists.) How did it come to be the Negro problem, and in what way has the Negro helped to make this problem? Has he ever refused to do his duty as a citizen either in war or in peace? Has he spurned any opportunities offered to improve his mind, and his material condition? Has he ever plotted against the government under which he lives, or threatened its destruction by fire or dynamite? Has he been unwilling to accept the same religious and political liberty and equality as a citizen, which white men everywhere in America freely enjoy? And have white men honestly sought to impress upon him the fact (if it be a fact) that there is no difference between his title to manhood and citizenship and their own, and have they emphasized this "fact," by practically demonstrating their belief in it?

If they have not done this in good faith the solution of their problem is very far off. Industrial education can have no possible influence or effect toward its solution. If the education of the Negro industrially does not relieve the situation which is now confronting him it is not even to be considered seriously as a factor in the discussion of Negro rights.

There is no middle ground when a great question is to be settled, there are only two ways by which such questions

can be settled—a right way, and a wrong way. The right way to settle this question is for the white man to eliminate from his thought the feeling that God has given him superior intelligence and ability to comprehend and adjust human affairs, and that civic righteousness has no place in the considerations of questions, the correct solution of which affect the well-being of a whole race. He should also dismiss from his thought the arrogant assumption that he more than any other member of the human family better understands the will and purposes of God, and that he sustains toward the Almighty the relation of vice regent on earth to interpret and to execute His will. This is impliedly the position or attitude of the white man, who, while he does not in so many words say so, does by his actions say them as plainly as words can say them when dealing with the Negro. This question is not to be settled by Industrial Education; it is too big a question to be disposed of in that way, if under slavery when the blacks in eleven States were performing all the manual and skilled labor, while the white man did practically nothing beyond living in luxury and ease on the increment of the labor of the black man, the problem was not solved, why should we assume that it can be solved now that the Negro is a freeman and a competitor in the labor market with the white man who is organizing the skilled and unskilled white men of the North and South to shut the ambitious Negro out of lucrative employments? The greatest tendency of the doctrine of Industrialism for the Negro as now preached, would be to enlarge and broaden the field of intellectual effort, for white youth who would shirk physical labor, and give them scope for preying upon the Industrial Negro confined as he is to his Paradise of Industrialism.

Industrial education is good, literary education is good also, and both combined are better. The Pastoral nations have had their day; it is brains that tell nowadays. No amount of industrial education would have made Japan what she is today, practically the Germany of the East. It is perhaps the best thing for the Negroes of the Black Belt of the South, and it may in time soften the prejudices engendered by the war of Secession, and intensified by the bestowal upon the black race of citizenship. Whether the Negro will be allowed to grow and develop as other citizens, and to enjoy unhampered the benefits of his intelligent labor, is yet to be shown. The Industrial idea can never become national. the attempt to fix a place for the Negro and keep him in it.

Industrialism is no new thing. Negroes have been the laborers both in the North and in the South for over two hundred years, where as slaves and free-men they have tilled the fields of the white man in time of peace, and fought his battles in time of war. The "Gospel of Work" therefore is not a new revelation to the blacks of either section.

Whether the Industrial Negro will be permitted to sell his labor in the same market which is now almost entirely monopolized by white organized labor, remains to be seen; of this, however, I have some doubt. The influx to these shores yearly of thousands of foreign laborers, skilled and unskilled, will adjourn the solution of this problem for a long time to come, provided, of course, industrialism is to be the agency through which the solution is to be found.

The proposition seems to me to be an evanescent dream, an experiment founded upon the lively hope that brawn and muscle is to accomplish for the Negro what the white race for more than a thousand years has insisted could only be successfully accomplished by the force and power of the intellect, the seat of which is in men's brains, not in their legs or arms. My answer to your question is an emphatic "No!" with the qualification that it may in some slight measure help in its solution, but cannot of itself solve the "Negro Question" in the United States. That is a question for statesmen to settle, and statesmen are not as a rule the product of industrial schools.

## THE CEDAR HILL SCHOOL;

OR, THE TRIBULATIONS OF A COUNTRY PEDAGOGUE.

"B. SQUARE."

### CHAPTER V.

When I first commenced to visit the Capps I learned from Mrs. Capps and her three grown daughters that there lived in the neighborhood "a family of stuck-up people," who had moved in from Virginia. I was told that they had a daughter about sixteen, who never attended school, giving as her reason she knew more than any of the teachers. I

laughed, and remarked that I guessed that the school would pull through without her.

One morning, after the school had been in perfect running order for about a month, Lemuel remarked to me: "Mr. Lee, I hear that Sallie Bright, the store keeper's daughter down at the cross-roads, asked Lucy Bradley why she did not go to school, and she said that she

knew twice as much as that young boy of a teacher from K——."

"Who is Lucy Bradley?" I asked.

"Why, don't you remember? She's the daughter of old man George Bradley, of that stuck-up family from Virginia, that mother was telling you about. They live at the first farm the other side of the brick church on the court house road, just the other side of Uncle Joe Jarvis' house, where you board."

"Well, Lucy Bradley would be a fool to attend a school where she knew more than the teacher. Nobody cares, I am sure, if she stays at home, even if her statement is not true, as we have enough pupils without being bothered with any one who thinks herself better than the rest of the community, perhaps because she was born in Virginia."

I thought no more of the matter, but it seems that in some way, although they were not on speaking terms with the Bradleys, the Capps folks got word to the Bradley family that "Mr. Lee, the young gentleman what's teaching our school, says that Lucy Bradley is a fool, and he is glad that such Virginia trash did not attend the school."

This made the Bradley family in general, and Miss Lucy in particular, hate me, although they had never met me or I seen any member of their household to know him. After that I heard all kinds of bad things that the Bradley girl said about me, and often in anger I returned as bad as was sent.

"I would like to see this queer Lucy Bradley. What does she look like, Mrs. Capps?" I asked one Saturday, after Lem's mother had recited to me the weekly report of what this fresh Virginia lass had said about me.

"I guess it'll be a long time 'fore you'll see her, Mr. Lee (and when you do you'll not see much) as they don't mix with colored folks. They go to the

white folks' church—the brick church—and they is white folks' niggers. She's 'bout sixteen years old, and not quite so yaller as you is. They think themselves somebody 'cause they come from Vir-ginny." I made no reply, still, the next day it reached the ears of Lucy Bradley that I said some very bad things about her. She, in return, was reported to have made some unlady-like remarks about me which caused me to hate a person I had never seen. I longed for revenge.

About two weeks after Lem left school as I was returning from a visit to K—— one Saturday afternoon, I overtook upon the road a strange colored man about seven miles from the Cedar Hill cross-roads. I asked him to get in the buggy and have a ride; at first he declined, but when pressed, he jumped in. We chatted together upon the subjects of the day, and I soon learned that I had an educated, intelligent companion.

"You are a stranger about here, are you not, my friend?" I asked.

"Well, no, not quite. I have lived in the county for a few years."

"May I ask if you are married?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, with a smile.

"I am pleased to have met you, and would like to meet you again. Here is my card. My name is Lee. I am the Cedar Hill school teacher—do you know many folks in Cedar Hill?"

"Only one family, the Bradleys."

"Well, now, tell me about the Bradleys, as I have heard so many unpleasant reports about them. Are they as stuck-up and bad as the Cedar Hill folks paint them?" I asked.

"I will tell you all I know about them, Mr. Lee. George Bradley came from B——, Va., about four years ago, with his family of three girls, two boys and wife. He sold his store, house and lot, in B——, and, lured by an advertise-



ment booming a place ten miles south of Backwoods Court House, called White's Mill, moved there, and started to buy a piece of valuable timber land. Mr. White, a Northern man, who had purchased a large tract of this land, could not get a clear title, so he refunded the colored buyers' money, cut off all the wood, sold it, put the money in his pocket, and went back North. Bradley could not return to B—, without spending what little money he had, so he purchased a small farm in this township on the court-house road, just above the brick church, commenced to raise garden truck, and work at his trade, that of a cooper.

His family found no association or social life in Cedar Hill, as there was not an adult person of color who could read or write, or hold a conversation upon any subject, excepting country gossip, corn, cotton, tobacco or religion. The Bradleys are Presbyterians, and as there was no colored church of that faith nearer than K—, they attended the white church, and the colored folks of Cedar Hill at once pronounced them 'stuck-up white folks' niggers.' They told all manner of falsehoods about them, and tried to tarnish the names of the Bradley girls. Every school teacher that came to Cedar Hill heard falsehoods about this family, and some of the more recent ones have been reported to have said some unkind things about Lucy Bradley or her sisters upon the strength of idle town gossip, without investigating the truth of the information received. This has made the family's lot a hard one, and the father contemplates selling out and moving to K—."

"He would be foolish to do that. Let him stand his ground. I admire pluck. I must confess that, having heard what I now truly believe was falsehood, about what Miss Lucy Bradley said about me,

I have returned stone for supposed stone, and deeply regret so doing without testing the truthfulness of the stories I have heard, but——"

"I am going to get out here," broke in the stranger, as we neared the cross-roads. He jumped out before I could speak, and after thanking me for the ride, cut through the woods, and was soon lost to sight. It was then that I remembered that I had neglected to ask my companion his name.

## CHAPTER VI.

I had forgotten the incident by the following Monday noon, and was sitting at my desk reading the latest issue of the "National Afro-American Fog Horn," while the children were sitting outside eating their dinners. I was deeply interested in the editor's foolish, illogical and pessimistic editorial, in which he said that this was a white man's country, that Africa was our "fatherland and future home;" that we could never get our political, social and civil rights in this country, and that education and wealth would not and could not raise us in the estimation of the white folks or in any way better our condition. I had reached the conclusion that the "Fog Horn's" editor was what the white people of the South would call a "good nigger," when I heard a strange, sweet voice say: "Good evening, Mr. Lee."

Looking up, to my astonishment I found a graceful, brown-eyed maiden, about seventeen, by my side, with several large books under her right arm, while she toyed with one of her braids of hair with the other hand. I looked at her beautiful face for upwards of a minute, and then said, "Good morning, Miss," forgetting that it was nearing one o'clock.

"I have come to school. I tried to

get here this morning, but could not. Please sir, what seat will I take?"

I did not answer for several minutes, but sat spellbound, looking at my pretty new scholar, who was standing with downcast eyes, waiting my reply.

I had never been in love, in fact, I did not think such a state existed, only in the illogical stories and poems of the day; the ravings of the heated brain of poet or novelist worked up by something much stronger than water, which I knew produced the lovers and the loved. I had never given marriage a thought, and never longed for the society of the fairer sex. My ambition aimed higher than that of a lovesick lover. I was now conscious that I was in love; that it was love at first sight; that the best poets and novelists had not, could not, one-quarter describe the emotion. I came to these conclusions in eight short minutes (as I have since been told was the time by the clock.) I then found words to say: "Please take the first seat on the left-hand side."

My new pupil deposited her books in the desk, walked out and stood by herself on the girls' side of the playground. I stood in the doorway and watched her graceful form until the clock struck one. Oh, what a model for a skilled painter's brush! Female perfection describes my new pupil. Still for the better information of the reader, who has never seen such a beauty, I will say: Imagine the prettiest colored American maiden you ever saw, multiply the result by one thousand, and you have a slight idea of the beauty of my new pupil. At Cedar Hill, every colored American's complexion was measured by the standard of "yaller." The quadroon with almost pure white skin was spoken of as a little "yallerer" than the mulatto, who, in turn, was "a little more yaller" than the person with a brown skin. The very,

very dark colored American was "not quite so yaller" as persons of a lighter hue.

It is said that there are no two colored Americans of the same color. Still I divide all in eight classes: the "light," the light yellow, dark yellow, light brown, brown, dark brown, dark, and very dark. The hue of my face is "light brown," that of my pupil's was a wax-like brown, neither light nor dark brown, simply brown, or perhaps I might create a special class for her and say that her face was a "golden brown." Having confidence in the average reader's ability to judge beauty I will simply say she was the prettiest girl in all Southland—Venus in bronze.

After school had reassembled for the afternoon, I said to my new scholar in a voice that startled me with its strangeness: "Please step this way and bring your book, until I examine you for our classes." I soon found out that she was far in advance of the school, and placed her in a class of which she was both head and foot. "What is your name, age, and where do you live?" I asked, reaching for my roll book.

"My name is Lucy Bradley; my age is seventeen, and I live on the court house road, near the brick church."

Imagine my feeling of surprise when I heard this. Lucy Bradley, the saucy young Miss who had said so many disrespectful things about my slightly vermilion hair and its owner, stood before me, and my love-proof heart had broken its chains and gone out to meet hers. This will never do, I said to myself, and like a stern mother, I tried to recall it in a "You Willie, come in the house, and stop playing with that horrid Smith boy!" style of injunction, and like Willie, my heart refused to return. Then commenced a battle between bitter foes. On one side was arrayed Love, on the

other *Pride and Revenge*. In the skirmish the latter won, but it was a cadmean victory, and the triumph very transient.

"Oh, this is Miss Lucy Bradley, the young lady that I have heard so much talk about, who knows more than the present teacher of this school,—the lady the trustees will, beyond a doubt, place in charge of the college or high school when they conclude to build one, at which time, Miss Bradley, I shall be happy to enter one of your lower classes. I suppose that your mission here is to take my place. As I just said, I hear that you 'know more than that Lee fellow.'"

I had tried to "look mad," and put all the force and irony I could in this little speech. I had an inward feeling that I had met with poor success, however.

"I guess we have both heard that the other one said a good many things that were never said, as some people in this world live by telling stories upon people they know but little about, and making all the trouble they can. Still, Mr. Lee, if you do not wish me to stay, I'll go home."

"Of course I want you to stay. I would not have you go home for the—that is, I mean to say that the law does not permit a teacher to expel scholars after their names have been enrolled without an investigation by the school board. A teacher, the law says, may suspend a pupil guilty of a wrong act, pending the Board's investigation; but after the pupil's name is enrolled——"

"But my name is not enrolled yet, Mr. Lee."

"I know, but I am going to enroll it now—that is, I mean to say, having just been examined by me makes you an enrolled member of the school."

"Oh, I see," said Lucy, keeping back a smile as she went back to her seat.

The final battle was over, and Love had bound *Pride and Revenge* to its chariot wheels. Lucy was a bright scholar, and I made her assistant teacher in Lem's place the next day. The third day, after school, unmindful of the black looks and whisperings of three of the big girls who had "set their caps" for me, I found myself carrying Lucy's books, and walking boarding houseward by her side. When we parted, she said, "You must call some night and see father, Mr. Lee."

I told her that I would, and in order that the invitation might not be forgotten, I called that night.

"Let me make you acquainted with my father, Mr. Lee," said Lucy, as I stood face to face with the gentleman I had given a ride the Saturday before.

"Mr. Bradley, I owe you and your family a thousand apologies for the manner in which I have given vent to anger and revenge, caused by falsehoods and gossip. Kindly overlook the same."

"We know how it has been. Pray be seated. Lucy, take your teacher's hat." Lucy modestly reached out her hand for my hat. I looked lovingly into her eyes, and turned in time to see Mr. Bradley looking pleasingly into mine. Lucy excused herself, as did her mother and sisters, and in a few minutes she informed her father that supper was ready. I joined the family. Oh, what a supper! Too good for a king. Lucy poured the tea, after which she took a seat opposite me, and I spent the greater part of the time they were eating feasting my eyes upon the pretty face of my scholar.

My reverie was broken by her oldest sister, who sat beside me, who said with an arch smile upon her face: "You don't seem to be very hungry, Mr. Lee?"

"Well, no, I ate an apple to-day



noon; that is, I mean to say, I am,—er, that is, I do not eat much at night."

After supper we played several different games with cards, Lucy and I being mates and beating the rest of the company. After this visit I discovered that Lucy sadly needed private instruction at home in several of her advanced studies, and was therefore obliged to spend four nights each week at her house.

Thus passed the winter without any noteworthy events at school, with three exceptions. I was obliged to shave a \$40 school draft at 50 per cent., as the school funds had given out. When it got cold I put \$4.10 worth of "window lights" in the school house, paying for them with my own money, Trustee Dozier giving me the School Boards' "note" for sixty days. (I have the note yet somewhere among my old papers). The next event I feel it my duty to record was that one very cold morning Trustee Dozier's two-year-old "new stove" when red hot, fell apart in true "One Hoss Shay" style, and came near setting the schoolhouse on fire. The rest of the winter we had to make a fire out of doors and take turns warming ourselves. With the exception of these trifles, four months of the school term passed pleasantly away. With Lucy as my assistant teacher, I was happy, and when Trustee Dozier remarked, "North Carolina always did and always will produce the smartest people in the world, white or black," I felt like a "Great Negro."

## CHAPTER VII.

It was a bright morning in April, about one month before the contemplated close of the school, as I sat at my desk wrapped in thoughts of the future, and looking at Lucy's vacant seat and wondering why she was not at school that morning, that my reverie was

broken by Hannah Clark, a girl about twelve years old, who was as dumb as a native of Holland is supposed to be, with "Mr. Lee, mammy say she want me took outter this ere fuss reader."

"You tell your 'mammy' that I know my business. It will be many a long day before you'll be able to read correctly in the first reader," I replied.

"Well, I will tell mammy," returned Hannah, as she walked back to her seat. I little knew the meaning of those five words then, but the cipher was clearly explained to me next morning.

The next day about ten o'clock I was reading my first letter from Lucy, informing me that she was obliged to stay home that week to help her mother and sisters do some house cleaning, and requesting me to be sure and call that evening, as she did not want to get back in her studies. I heard a loud whispering on the girls' side. Looking up, I saw them all straining their necks looking out of the windows. "What's the matter?" I asked. Some saucy girl answered in an undertone, "I reckon yer'll know soon." That girl was designed by nature to be a clairvoyant, as I was soon confronted by a woman who explained all. My visitor was almost six feet in height, beyond all reasonable doubts a colored American "not quite so yaller" as starless midnight. Her dress was tucked up far, far, above her shoe tops by the means of a small rope or a very large cord, tied about her waist. Between her lips she held with a firm grip, an over-aged corncob pipe, in which she was smoking some weed that doubtless was a cross between "old field" tobacco and an onion. Her face bore a look that was "childlike and bland," and I could not trace a line of intellectual perception in it, as I carefully scanned my visitor from head to foot. She bore every sign of an ignorant

woman who could not be taught to come in out of the rain. Signs, however, gentle reader, fail in some cases—this was one of the cases. She spoke:

"I'm Han's mammy, an' she tole me that she told yer what I said 'bout I wanted her took from ther fuss book an' put with them other gals from our farm. She's jess es good as them other gals if she ain't yaller, ain't she?"

"Why, yes, Mrs. Clark," I replied, with a double look of pity, "color plays no part in this school. It is a colored school, for colored children, taught by a colored teacher."

"Then why don't you took my gal, Han, from dis ere fuss book den, Mr. Lee?"

I had read a copy of "London Punch" the night before, and felt somewhat funny, so I replied, with a look of pity on my brow, "You see, it is this way, my good Mrs. Clark; the State furnishes books, the county the school-house, the township board the teacher, the teacher in turn furnishes instruction, alas, my good woman, we cannot furnish brains. There is no use trying, Mrs. Clark, we cannot do it. Nature has that part of the contract, and if she does not properly perform her part of the educational program, don't lay the blame at my door."

I supposed this was all Greek to my visitor. I did not think that she had the mental ability to grasp one word that I had said. I simply made these few remarks "to hear myself talk," prior to telling her in plain United States language, that Hannah would be promoted just as soon as I deemed she knew enough. It is not wise to always judge persons by their looks any more than books by their covers. This was one of those times. Mrs. Clark took her pipe from her mouth, and remarked:

"Can't furnish brains, hey? Well I

s'pose that er gal what ain't got no brains, ain't got no sense, an' a gal what ain't got no sense is er start natal fool. Now, I'm Han's mammy; an' if she's er fool I must be er fool 'fore her. So I'm er fool, hey?"

I thought Mrs. Clark's few remarks quite logical, but hardly deemed it polite to say so. Before I decided if her point was well taken or not, she placed her old pipe upon the top of my desk and gave Hannah her hat to hold. I was wondering what she was going to do, when she remarked: "So I'm er fool, hey?" Before I could reply pro or con, the Amazon grabbed me by the collar and pulled me towards her, upsetting my desk in so doing.

"I'm er fool, hey?" asked Mrs. Clark, as she whirled me around the school-house at a five-miles a half-second rate. Her hard knuckles were sticking through the skin of my neck; still onward, ever onward, we went. We had a prize waltz, Mrs. C. and I, over desks and benches, and Mrs. C. won the first prize.

"I'm er fool, hey?" she inquired, as she nearly knocked my eye out against what was left of the "new stove."

"So I'm a fool, hey?" again she asked, as she shook me in the manner a dog shakes a rat. At this point I wanted to inform the good lady that I was convinced that she was not a fool, and was ready to "hang" a jury until the end of time, whose other eleven members had resolved to bring in verdict that she was. But talking was out of the question. It was as much as I could do to breathe. After giving me several teeth-clattering shakes, my visitor let go of me and I fell towards the teacher's platform, the sharp corner of which struck me just above the brow of the eye, cutting an inch-long gash to the bone.

"So I'm er fool, hey? Perhaps I am,

but I reckon 'twill be a long time 'fore you buke an' insult an' low rate enny one 'bout her agin, or 'pose on er poor lone widder 'ooman. I'll let you know, sir, that me an' Han's jess is good is the rest of the Cedar Hill folks, if we ain't quite so yaller. Give me my hat, Han, an' look fur my pipe."

"Lordee, mammy! he's done broke your pipe all up," remarked the wicked Hannah, who doubtless wanted to attend a teacher's funeral. Justice, they say, has a bit of mercy's blood in her veins, likewise Mrs. Clark had a little in hers, for she remarked, "I won't give the poor devil no more. I'll overlook breaking the pipe. Come on, Han, let's go home." And Mrs. Clark walked out like a hero of war.

I was bleeding almost from head to foot, and, like Cain, marked for life. After waiting a reasonable time for Mrs. Clark to get out of hearing, I concluded for the good of the school and to keep up my name as a brave, moral teacher, it was my duty to give the boys a lecture. I crawled upon my platform, and more dead than alive, remarked:

"Boys, never during life, under any circumstances whatever, strike a woman or girl. It's unmanly and cowardly. A great poet, by the name of Tobin, who lived many years ago, once wrote—take out your copy books, and write down the wise man's words so you can commit them to memory—He wrote: 'The man who puts his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is a wretch, whom 'twere gross flattery to call a coward.' That means that he is worse than a coward, do you understand? Well, now, I did not strike Mrs. Clark because—because, well, she was a woman. If she ever comes here again however, I will be obliged to take some rash or unusual steps, as it would never do to let such a woman rule the——"

"Here comes Mrs. Clark back with a stick," I overheard in a stage whisper from the girls' side of the house, so I concluded my remarks with, "Now you can all go home for the day. Hurry up, hurry up, as I want to be alone for a few minutes."

The children rushed out and started homewards.

"What a teacher!"

"Oh, what fun. It beats going to town!"

"What stories he told. I guess he didn't strike Hannah's mother, he, he," were some of the remarks I overheard. As soon as they had cleared the schoolhouse, I locked the doors on the inside, crawled to the back window and fell out, then dragged myself under the schoolhouse, and remained as quiet as a dead mouse for nearly an hour, and held my breath in fearful expectation of Mrs. Clark's return. I at last concluded it was the cruel, heartless joke of some of the girls who had "set their caps" for me, and not being successssssful, felt a spirit of revenge, even in my dark hour of affliction, so I slowly and painfully made my way home.

"I got a buggy, and drove over to Dr. Brown's to get fixed up, truthfully telling him 'I met with an accident.'"

"Quite a bad one. Did you fall off the steam cars or from a buggy?" asked the doctor.

"Neither, but an accident just as fearful," was the only answer I gave.

On my way back from the doctor's I swore to never teach school again, not even if by so doing I could prevent civilization from drifting back to the days of the Dark Ages. Yes, my sun as a teacher had set forever and forever.

It was a moonless night, and under the cover of darkness I crawled to Lucy's house, and knocked. She opened



the door. "Oh, Teacher, it's you. Come right in."

"No, Lucy, I cannot come in," I said, turning my cut eye from her. "I am in a hurry, I am going away from Cedar Hill to-night, and I came to bid you good-bye. Take this letter to Supt. Britt, and this one to Mr. Dozier; they contain requests that they allow you to finish out the term for me."

"I am sorry, Mr. Lee, that you are going away."

"So am I, Lucy; when, I am gone, Lucy, you may hear all kinds of reports about some trouble I had with Hannah Clark's mother, but don't believe all you hear."

"You will come back again, will you not, teacher?"

"Upon one condition I will come back once more to Cedar Hill, Lucy."

"What is that?"

"That you will promise me to-night some day in the future you will be my bride. If you make this promise, at the appointed time I will come to take you from Cedar Hill. I'll never teach here or elsewhere again. My mission as a teacher is over. Let me tell you what you must know by this time, that I love you, Lucy, as much as man can love a woman, and again ask you to some day be my wife?" She was standing in the doorway, and I upon the dark side of the porch. I gently drew her to me, keeping my cap over my cut eye, and implanted upon her lips the token of manly love.

"Good-bye for the present, Lucy."

"Good-bye, teacher, but you'll write, will you not?"

"Yes, often; again good-bye." I crawled into my buggy, and drove to K—— direct, sending for my things next day. Thus ended my school teaching life. My ambition to be a great teacher was dead.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Two weeks under the care of a skillful physician of K—— made me almost the same man again. The first thing I did was to write to Miss Carroll. I penned her this letter:

Miss Sarah Carroll, Boston, Mass.,

My dear friend and benefactor—

Pardon the only falsehood I have ever told you. I will be pointed. I have given up my position as a teacher, and have made the firm resolution to never teach again. I do not believe in Ingersollism. I believe in a good and bad hereafter. I want to enjoy future bliss. I cannot do so and teach school. What profit would it be to a man to teach the whole world knowledge and lose his own soul? Dear friend, I was not cut out for a teacher. When mother writes, telling you how I was almost killed at Cedar Hill, you will say I did right to leave, and stop teaching. I prefer to let her tell you the story. I have shipped as steward upon what they call a "tramp" steamer, bound for Europe. I will be out of the United States for about a year. Upon my return I will call to see you in person and tell you my hard life as a school teacher.

Thanking you for the unmerited aid you have given me I am

Gratefully yours,

Charles Sumner Lee.

The next day I sailed from the port of K—— for Liverpool and spent about eleven months abroad, during which time I saw all the leading sea ports of the old world. I settled in Boston. Having saved some money Aunt Emma and Miss Carroll donated what I lacked to open a small dry goods and notion store in a good locality.

In the spring of 1892 there was a quiet wedding at the house of Mr. George Bradley in Cedar Hill township. Only a few select friends were there.

Trustee Dozier was the only white guest. Uncle Joe Jarvis and family were the only Cedar Hill people invited. During the two years I was away Lucy had charge of the school, and was glad to give it up to take charge of a Boston dry goods store. In plain United States language, Lucy and I are married and happy.

As I came home to supper the other night from the post office where I was fortunate enough last year to receive a clerkship, Lucy remarked as we sat at the table:

"Oh, Charles, I got a letter from mother to-day and she says that Mrs. Clark, Hannah's mother, is dead. It

seems that she got in a fight with Mrs. Sallie Reddick (I guess you remember her) and Mrs. Clark was running after her with an uplifted ax. She was on old farmer Baxter's 'great house' porch or stoop, as they call it (Mrs. Clark cooked for the Baxter family), when her foot slipped and she struck her head against the side of the house and broke her neck. She killed herself instead of the Reddick woman."

"Thank——"

"Why, Charles Sumner Lee!"

"You for the butter, Lucy, my dear," I said aloud. To myself I said, "Thank heaven!" I felt that death avenged my wrong. Perhaps I was wicked.

## THE CURSE OF HAM.

REV. J. ALLEN VINEY.

### Part I. Companionship—Typology.

In an age of scientific research and investigation every effect must either acknowledge a natural cause or be relegated to the shades of illusion. The idea of the reciprocity of knowledge through the channels of inspiration is quite distasteful to the scientific palate; even an intellectual assent to, an enlightened spiritual testimony of, and the inspired declaration concerning the resurrection of Christ Himself are regarded with more or less suspicion; and yet a flash of inspiration as suddenly and surprisingly as an electric shock, at a moment when the mind was not at all engaged with the subject, forms the ground of justification for this article. The "cursed be Canaan" had been closely followed through the dark sayings of many a commentator with unsatisfactory results.

For at their wells I drank, and quaffed  
a full supply;  
But 'tis strange enough to say, it did not  
satisfy.  
Thought I then of fountains whence  
Hermon's dews distil;  
When lo! down poured in gushing  
streams Christ's holy Rill.

"Shem, Ham and Japheth" is the order given of the sons of Noah in the 9th chapter of Genesis. This order is according to the election of grace, their natural order being Japheth, Shem and Ham. In their sacred order they are collectively the type of the Holy Trinity; individually Shem typifies the Father, Ham the Son, and Japheth the Holy Spirit; thus the human trinity in a unity symbolizes the Divine Trinity in the Divine Unity.

Shem stands for the Church idea, Ham represents the companionship of Christ, and Japheth stands for the idea of universal conquest or a world-wide political power; this is because the Holy Spirit whom he typifies is to make a universal conquest of the world spiritually. Upon this three-fold idea and along its lines of natural development proceed both revelation and true Biblical interpretation.

To be true to logic, the discussion of Hamitic typology should precede that of companionship, but for this occasion I will reverse that order and proceed to discuss Ham's companionship with Christ under the following proposition.

The race of Ham is more than other races of mankind the companions of Jesus Christ.

In Colossians 1: 18 it is written, "And he is the head of the body, the Church; who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." After the Fall Christ was mentioned before reference was made to any of the unborn children of grace. "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

Christ is that seed, but it is evident that he is not alone in this Scripture quoted, "Thou shalt bruise his heel." "Heel" is a synecdoche, "a part for the whole," that is, the one great social man comprehending all mankind, having for the head Shem, whose chief characteristic is the Church idea; the trunk, including arms and legs, is Japheth, whose chief characteristic is power—intellectual, moral and political—and the feet have reference to Ham, whose leading trait is servitude. The heel represents the last of all of Ham's race, which is beyond all dispute the Negro, historically speaking. In the 3d chapter of

Genesis and at the fifteenth verse is where Christ and his Negro companion in suffering take the lead in that great procession of the human family, marching "Whither? Ah! Whither?" Had I the descriptive powers of a Milton, I would give here a pen picture of that innumerable host, those which none in numbers excel save the unbroken legions of God's morning stars before their proudly-crested chief, "full of wisdom and perfect in beauty," premeditated rebellion against the peace of heaven. But mine is merely to cut through the brush and glaze the way for worthier minds. In human history, or in pre-historic times, the Negro did not thus lead mankind, nor did his companion Christ incarnate precede the race, but revelation puts Christ and the Negro first in the order of recorded events, and they whom God puts first are first.

After the Flood, Christ is the first person mentioned of all the post-deluvian race. "And the sons of Noah, that went forth out of the ark, were Shem and Ham and Japheth; and Ham is the father of Canaan," not Shem is the father of Elem, or Japheth, the father of Gomer. Canaan is conspicuously brought forward, not in his personal relation, but as a type of Christ and because his children were first to live in Immanuel's land. Christ is here mentioned as the anti-type and Canaan the type, and as companions they take the lead of the Mosaic age. After four thousand years we find Christ and a Negro walking side by side in advance of Christian millions. They meet in the baptismal waters, each of whose baptisms alone was attended with supernatural circumstances. The baptism of Jesus Christ and that of the Negro eunuch stand out and above every other ministration of that rite, which will be discussed at another time.

When the great human exodus shall

end around the judgment seat, we shall find Jesus and the Negro together in an affinity that is truly surprising. "And the king shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Who is the "least of these, my brethren?" Let God sit as the judge. Against the Christian Negro are closed the hotels; restaurants, will turn him away, unless he takes his food as a dog, his membership would not be taken by many a Christian Church, the doors of the Y. M. C. A. are closed against him. Bible Schools deny him admittance, white Christians refuse to ride with the blood-washed Negro whose body is the residence of the Holy Spirit, and with a thousand other insults heaped upon him, all because God made him a Negro. And yet in the face of all this abuse and persecution he is less revengeful and the most forgiving of all mankind.

But the dearest and most sacred companionship in this life is that which is brought about through the marital relations; it finds its conception, possibly, on the merest acquaintance, its birth in courtship, and its maturity in the marriage life. It is this kind of companionship, more than any other, that has moulded the thought and feeling of humanity. It has won to itself the richest of poetry and the sweetest of song, indeed its native element is poetry and music. Eliminate this oxygen of life and it will not live, it cannot live.

Such a notion of companionship has been employed to great advantage by the Spirit of Revelation in order to the elucidation of spiritual truth; hence Christ is frequently called the bridegroom in the Bible, and the Church the bride.

As every proper marriage must be preceded by honorable courtship, the

Word of God would be incomplete to represent the relation between Christ and his Church under the figure of a marriage, and remain silent as to any antecedent courtship. But we find a whole book devoted to this very purpose, the name of which is "Song," (Solomon's), and whose subject matter is "love."

Now, what is most interesting is to ascertain if possible from what race or tribe or family of mankind Jesus would select his metaphorical model through whom he should court the bride, the one universal Church. We know who his mother was, Mary of Nazareth, of the royal house of David, for whom the lot was cast into the lap of eternity. The honor fell to the race of Shem; but what race and what tribe of all the tribes of mankind shall be honored to hold this high favor, the bride of the Bridegroom, the wife of the king? It cannot be Mary of Nazareth, for it is written, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh." Let us hear this bride, so highly favored of heaven, speak for herself, "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me; they make the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept." I merely introduce in this article the bride from Ethiopia, that black queen of Sheba (I Kings: 10: 1-10), who visited Solomon, of which I have much to say, but space now forbids. Our white teachers have tried to conceal the truth, but truth eclipsed will reveal itself again. They say she was a "sunburnt Jewess," or a "rustic of northern blood," (Pulpit Commentary).

Suffice it to say that Jesus Christ, in the finest allegory that ever graced a



page of literature, loved, courted, embraced, "His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me," and kissed this woman who was black three times over. Twice she calls herself black, and once she compares herself to the 'curtains of Kedar.' "Kedar" in Hebrew means black. To see this black woman preferred above all the white ladies of the land, lying in the arms of Jesus, certainly lends a surprising enchantment to the view. Having shown that the race of Ham enjoys a closer companionship with Christ than other races, I will conclude the subject with a discussion on Hamitic typology.

The reader must understand that but a mere sketch can be given here. The "cursed be Canaan" in the 9th chapter of Genesis is an inspired picture of the plan of salvation, the background of which are events connected with Noah's fall. Noah, a perfect man before the Flood, but after the Deluge a drunkard, typifies the Fall of Man; for though by faith and good works he built the ark, rode upon the flood, and safely passed through every storm, and entrenching himself behind God's covenant, that henceforth he should not contend with too much water, he tried to destroy himself with too much wine. That husband and father, patriarch and prophet, priest, and preacher, prostituting every sacred trust and in his Bacchanalian carousal, laying bare himself to open shame and oblivious to every sense of modesty, sets the example for a world of drunkards, digs a world of untimely graves, and crowds his funeral processions with half-clad, sorrow-stricken widows and orphans, barefooted and hunger-bitten. Thus he becomes the type of a sinner dead in sins.

Being in his tent, a symbol of the Church, he figures in the capacity of a

repenting sinner. Ham discovering him, and reporting it to his brethren, typifies Christ interceding for the penitent; Shem and Japheth covering him unseen with a garment, show forth the gracious office of the Father and the Holy Spirit, who cover the sinner with the garment of Christ's righteousness. The "cursed be Canaan" is the inspired, formal pronouncement of the curse upon Christ through Canaan as the type of Christ.

I will briefly call attention to two more great biblical characters in evidence of the doctrine herein advanced. The greatness of the one arises from the supernatural circumstances involved in the closing scenes of his life in which he is clearly noticeable as a type of the death of Jesus Christ as King, while the greatness of the other arises from his official relations, together with the Scriptural verdict of his superiority wherein he foreshadows Jesus Christ in his mediatorial office in heaven. These are Melchizedek and Adoni-zedek, both having reigned at Jerusalem over the Jebusites, who were the descendants of Ham through the third son of Canaan, about four hundred and sixty-two years intervening between their reigns.

Two facts must be noticed in the crucifixion of Christ, viz., he died a king and a supernatural phenomena was observed on that fatal Friday. Adoni-zedek was chosen to typify the crucifixion of Christ as a King, while the day upon which he was put to death symbolized through the supernatural phenomena that then occurred the day of Christ's atonement.

The Gibeonites having quietly submitted to the authority of Joshua, provoked Adoni-zedek to make war upon them. Having formed an alliance with other Hamitic kings, he proceeded to

chastise them, whereupon Joshua came to their rescue, and during the battle he commanded the sun and moon to stand still. Adoni-zedek was captured and hanged to a tree. At the very time of day that Jesus was taken from the cross Adoni-zedek was taken down and buried exactly after the manner of the burial of Jesus, having been put in a cave the mouth of which was closed with stones, for in the relation between type and anti-type, like answers to like.

The other and more important character is Melchizedek, who like Adoni-zedek, was a descendant of Ham. In the seventh chapter of Hebrews it is said of Melchizedek that he was "without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God; abideth a priest continually." Without noticing the false exegesis of this Scripture by the commentators, I will briefly explain it. There are seven terms in the above quotation whose condition must be satisfied by a clear and an unequivocal interpretation.

If the posterity of Ham is not the type of Christ, then was not Melchizedek in his private character a type, but first assumed that relation in entering upon the royal office of his kingdom and upon the investiture of the priesthood.

But in such a case he would have had a "beginning of days," after the manner of the Levitical priesthood. The attempt of the commentators to explain this confessedly Scriptural enigma upon the ground that no record was kept, as in the case of the Levitical priesthood, and that he suddenly appears before us and as suddenly retires from view is too puerile to deserve serious criticism. But on the contrary, if Ham's posterity is a type of Christ, then Melchizedek by virtue of his Hamitic origin was "made" a type, that is born, "like unto the Son

of God," therefore, he carried his typical character with him into the chief offices of State and Church, which strongly contrasts with the Aaronic high priesthood, whose incumbent prior to the assumption of his office was not a type of Christ; therefore, so far as their typical character is concerned the latter had a "beginning of days," but the former had not.

Now, in order to satisfy the condition of the first three terms "without father, without mother, without descent," I will offer two or three illustrations, remembering what has already been observed, that in the relation between type and anti-type like answers to like. In the case of the anti-type, Christ did not become incarnate by a natural generation, but on the contrary by a supernatural law; therefore, like answering to like, neither did the father and mother of Melchizedek entail upon him by a natural generation the typical character of Jesus Christ. This explains beyond all cavil that Melchizedek in his typical character was "without father, without mother, without descent." This typical relationship that is found in all the race of Ham did not begin in its origin from any natural law, but through the election of grace.

I offer another illustration. Though not bearing strictly upon the point of argument in the case of Melchizedek, it will serve to explain the truth advanced in the general scope of this subject; that is, since like answers to like, therefore Jesus Christ being under the curse, his anti-typical character devolves upon its typical subject a relative curse. The offspring of slave parents are born with an inalienable right to freedom, their parents, therefore, do not engender upon them by natural descent the curse of slavery. It is a matter of volition with the master whether such offspring be

allowed to enjoy their inalienable rights or not; it is a law written upon the conscience of every man, and is as assertive in the breast of the slave as in that of his master. This law is clearly discernable in even the lower creatures. Wherefore does the imprisoned bird flap its wings, and strike its beak against the wired walls of its cage? Wherefore does the encaged lion, or tiger, or hyena, like faithful sentinels, pace the floor of their prison, if not impelled by the instinct of freedom? Therefore, whether the decree of servitude proceeds from man or from God it is separate and distinct from the law of the propagation of the species.

I will now revert to the case of Melchizedek in order to satisfy the condition of the three remaining terms of the Scripture, viz., "Nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God; abideth a priest continually."

Melchizedek, bringing into the world the typical character of Christ, carried it into the next life with him, as it is obvious from the following: that which is brought into this world by natural generation—that is, the flesh—is left behind upon our departure; but not so with our regenerate nature, for he who is born of God—which proceeds according to the election of grace—dying, carries into the next life his new nature. A certain species of insects, in passing through the period of its chrysalis, leaves behind the unattractiveness of the larva for the fascinations of the butterfly. Now, as I have observed, the typical character of Christ was conferred upon the race of Ham according to the election of grace. Therefore Melchizedek, upon his departure from this life, carried with him his typical nature; this satisfies the term, "nor end of life."

The condition of the term "abideth a priest continually" finds its solution in

the fact that the typical character of Christ on earth finally emerges into a general law of heaven, which is thus expressed, "They shall be priests of God and of Christ." Having removed the veil from off this enigmatic passage of Scripture as respecting six of these terms the last will now be noticed. "But made like unto the Son of God." Not "homoiōs" "like"—for the Aaronic high priest in some sense was "like,"—but "homonionomenos" "made like," therefore born like, etc. This puts an end to all argument, and dovetails into the "which was to be proved." The same law of grace that directed, controlled and brought Christ incarnate into the world, as the Anti-type, alike influenced the advent of Melchizedek as a type, and not only Melchizedek, but all the race of Ham, including every Negro in this country. No wonder the inspired writer of the Hebrews, in speaking of the typical character of Melchizedek, said, "Of whom we have many thing to say, and hard to be uttered, seeing ye are dull of hearing. For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God."

Job said, "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen;" as the path of true wisdom is too ethereal for the instinct of the fowl and the vulture's ken, so is the path of true biblical interpretation too spiritual for the merely investigative genius.

If one is disposed to call in question this truth by granting that some members indeed of the race of Ham manifest in themselves certain typical marks, but that all are not so affected; to all such I have to say that their misgivings arise from their ignorance of the contrastive effects following upon a conditional and

an unconditional law. For instance, the law of salvation is both conditional and unconditional, the former having for its basis the element of faith, while the latter excludes all notions of faith; the morally responsible are the subjects of the first, and infants and the irresponsible are subjects of the latter. Of the first class all are not saved, of the latter none are lost.

But the typical law, as I have shown, is unconditional; hence the whole race of Ham is the type of Jesus Christ.

To meet the objection that all mankind are similarly affected both by physical and spiritual law, and that if the race of Ham be a type of Christ then all races constitute a similar type, I reply by stating, first, that the whole of mankind are not similarly affected by either physical or spiritual law; for the Anglo-Saxon race, having had recourse to all climatic conditions and habits of life, have never been able to produce by maintaining the purity of their own blood a single Anglo-Saxon-Chinaman, that is, an Anglo-Saxon with all the physical expressions of a Chinese, though God "hath made of one blood all nations of men." "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" applies equally as strongly to the other races.

Second. Nor are all races equally affected by spiritual law. For nearly two thousand years the Jews as a nation have lived more or less under Christian influence, but have never as a race assented to the truth that Christ is God. The most creditable and best informed

judgment concedes that it takes less money and less effort to convert the Negro than members of the other races.

Being already the type of Christ, bearing in his "body the marks of the Lord Jesus," the Negro easily submits to his own Anti-type. Had the time, money, and effort been directed toward the evangelization of Africa that have been given to India, she would before this have taken her place among the Christian countries of the world. Notwithstanding, when Christianity sent missionaries to India she sent slaves to Africa; the latter country will have to assist in the conversion of the former, for growing impatient at the ill success attending upon the efforts of missionaries to convert her, India has turned tactics and is now making considerable headway in winning converts from Christianity to her own religion.

Third. Individuals of different races are dissimilarly affected. Let two Christians, a white and black man, be brought under an equal ecstasy. The white brother will sit down under subdued emotions, but the Negro will go perpendicularly the other way, and shout salvation at the top of his voice.

The Negro race needs a text-book on Hamitic typology, which I am now engaged in writing, under the title, "The Curse of Ham." Such a treatise proposes to shed new light on the Scriptures which will doubtless inspire the race with greater hopes at a time when other races are lifting up their heel against us.



## II. CALL THE BLACK MAN TO CONFERENCE.

A. KIRLAND SOGA.

Late of the Civil Service, Native Department, South Africa.

(Reprinted from "Izwi Labantu," Tuesday, September, 29, 1903.)

EXTERNAL  
TROUBLES—  
INTERNAL  
MALADIES.

Perhaps the Boston incident had no solid basis at best, but it would not be wise while condemning the manner and methods adopted by the malcontents to express their disagreement with Booker Washington to ignore the undercurrents of feeling which led up to it. Perhaps there are legitimate grounds for complaints which ought not to be lightly waived aside without perpetuating enmities to be avoided, or breeding widespread discontent. The episode is a symptom, if we mistake not, of a rather deep-seated malady, which may do incalculable harm to the Negro's future by placing the race on the Roll of Killenny Cats, instead of the Roll of Honor, where the names of the Stalwarts should be inscribed, and sent down to posterity unsullied by reproach. Where grievances can reasonably be inferred there should be no call to strain for vindictive judgment against those, who are influenced by contributory causes of a malign character to commit themselves. Remove the causes. The aggrieved are at least entitled to a sympathetic hearing in the forum of Public Opinion.

According to the reports in "The Bee" a lively paper of Washington, D. C., Booker Washington is accused by, among others, the Hon. Edward Morris, described as "a member of the State Legislature, and one of the leading colored attorneys at Chicago," of being "largely responsible for the lynchings in this country," (America.) The head and front of his offending as stated by his

accusers is that he is a "trimmer" and an "apologist," meaning thereby no doubt, that he does not place the race issues fairly before the country, and lacks the courage to denounce in unqualified terms the brutal malignancy, which finds an outlet in the outdoing of the black man at the hands of the lawless and bloodthirsty mobocrats, whose deeds of savage cruelty are regarded with seeming apathy by the American whites.

Presumably Mr. Morris knows something therefore of the framing of the Boston Catechism, which comprises a series of questions which it was intended to put to Mr. Washington at the meeting at Boston. Here are the questions:—

1. In your letter to the Montgomery "Advertiser," Nov. 27th, you said: "Every revised constitution throughout the Southern States has put a premium upon intelligence, ownership of property, thrift and character." Did you not thereby indorse the disfranchising of our race?

2. In your speech before the Century Club here in March you said "Those are most truly free who have passed the most discipline." Are you not actually upholding oppressing our race as a good thing for us, advocating peonage?

3. Again you say: "Black men must distinguish between the freedom that is forced and the freedom that is the result of struggle and self-sacrifice." Do you mean that the Negro should expect less from his freedom than the white man from his?

4. When you said: "It was not so

important whether the Negro was in the inferior car or whether there was in that car a superior man, not a beast?" Did you not minimize the outrage of the insulting jim-crow car discrimination and justify it by the bestiality of the Negro.

5. In an interview with the Washington Post, June 25, as to whether the Negro should insist on his ballot, you are quoted as saying—"As is well known, I hold that no people in the same economic and educational condition as the masses of the black people of the South should make politics a matter of the first importance in connection with their environment." Do you not know that the ballot is the only self-protection for any class of people in this country?

6. In view of the fact that you are understood to be willing to insist upon the Negro having his every right (both civic and political), would it not be a calamity at this juncture to make you our leader?

7. Don't you know you would help the race more by exposing the new form of slavery just outside the gates of Tuskegee than by preaching submission?

8. Can a man make a successful educator and politician at the same time?

9. Is the rope and the torch all the race is to get under your leadership?

Questions 1 and 5 being co-relative might be considered together. Questions 2, 3 and 4 are in the nature of illustrations from ascertained facts in life's experience. They are abstract mental deductions of a didactic character made during the course of speaking, without injurious intent, but on the contrary being true in fact, informative and helpful in their tendency, and whose tenor should not be interpreted in the unfriendly light suggested by the querists. Taken with their context, or the subject matter from

which they are abstracted they would reveal their truth more fully, but even so, they are yet simple and self-evident in their meaning as they stand, and it would be absurd to twist their sense, or to strain after a far-fetched and ridiculous interpretation of them in an anxiety to find fault with the speaker. Such tactics are rightly described as sheer-cussedness," or in popular language, as "looking for trouble." Persistence in them can only lead to tragic consequences when determined men meet in assembly, and the authors of the Boston episode should be thankful that their career was not stopped altogether instead of the thirty days' jail for creating the disturbance. The honor of the race leaders, and of the race itself makes it imperative that they should be protected against the brutality of black mobocrats, and the prestige of the race is degraded not enhanced by such sights as Booker Washington being escorted under police protection to his carriage to escape from violence.

Question 6 is suggestive of a difference of opinion, proof of which, as showing Mr. Washington's unfitness to speak for the Negro race, rests with those who challenge him, and his implied right to correctly interpret the views and feelings of his countrymen. Possibly Mr. Washington makes no pretence of claiming exclusive and rigid rights to lead the race. He has opinions, and the courage to express them. He can hardly be blamed if they do not embody the feelings and temper of some, or if they fail to commend themselves to all. At any rate he can best be judged by his utterances, and these should bear on their face sufficient evidence to sustain such a serious charge as that of betraying the race.

Question 7 is a matter of opinion very much in favor of the practical evidences in Booker Washington's work, which

speaks louder than any mere theorizing or question-mongering.

The rather silly question "can a man make a successful educator and politician at the same time," smacks somewhat of the astonished stranger who remarked to his Yankee friend that he had seen a cow picking sour apples from a tree in the garden. "Don't see nothing surprisin' in that," said Uncle Sam. "But if you told me that cow was climbing up that tree tail foremost to pick them sour apples, I reckon that would be a bit of a conundrum, anyhow."

There is nothing remarkable in a man being both educator and politician if he moves on straight lines and does not try to emulate Uncle Sam's cow by removing away from principles, or seeking to shipwreck his political craft in the pursuit of personal prejudices, selfish aims, or ignoble ambitions. On the other hand, for the sneaking traitor who would use his intellect and accomplishments and the confidence of his fellows, in order to rise on the ruins of the race, such white-livered ingrates are fitly anathematised, in the words of the poet:

"Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,  
Whose treason like a deadly blight  
Comes o'er the Councils of the brave,  
And blasts them in their hour of might!  
May Life's unblessed cup for him  
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the  
brim,—

With hopes, that but allure to fly,  
With joys, that vanish while he sips.  
Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,  
But turn to ashes on the lips!  
His country's curse, his children's shame  
Outcast of virtue, peace and fame,  
May he, at last, with lips of flames,  
On the parch'd desert, thirsting, die,—  
While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh  
Are fading off, untouched, untasted.  
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!

And, when from earth his spirit flies,  
Just Prophet, let the damn'd one dwell  
Full in the sight of Paradise,  
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!"

Question 9 could be better directed to Theodore Roosevelt, the President of the United States. The "Wizard of Tuskegee" could not reasonably be called upon to answer for the State or the faults of the State's Executive. A careful examination of the questions set forth in the Boston Catechism places nothing in evidence to compromise Booker Washington to our mind, and as far as his politics are concerned his speech at Louisville, Ky., delivered on the 3d of July, 1903, at the session of the National Council there, challenges the truth of the serious charges levelled at him by his accusers.

In the present season of anxiety and almost of despair which possesses an element of the race there are two things which I wish to say as strongly as I may:

1. Let no man of the race become discouraged or hopeless. There are in this country, North and South, men who mean to see that justice is meted out to the race. Such a man is Judge Jones of Alabama, to whom more credit should be given for blotting out the infamous system of peonage than to any other.

2. Let us keep before us the fact that almost without exception every race or nation that has ever got upon its feet has done so through struggle and trial and persecution. No one should seek to close his eyes to the truth that the race is passing through a very serious and trying period of its development; a period that calls for the use of our ripest thought and sober judgment.

Let nothing lead us into extremes of utterance or action. In the long run it is the race or individual that exercises the most patience, forbearance and self-con-

trol in the midst of trying conditions that wins its cause. Let nothing induce us to descend to the level of the mob. In advocating this policy I am not asking that the Negro act the coward; we are not cowards. The part we have played in defending the flag of our country is sufficient evidence of our courage.

The recent outbreaks of the mob emphasize two lessons, one for our race and one for the other citizens of the country, North and South; for it is to be noted that the work of the lynchers is not confined to one section of the country. The lesson for us is that we should see to it that so far as the influence of parent, school or pulpit is concerned, no effort be spared to impress upon our own people that idleness and crime should cease. We should let the world know

on all proper occasions that we consider no legal punishment too severe for the wretch of any race who attempts to outrage a woman. The lesson for the other portion of the nation to learn is that both in the making and in the execution the same law should be made to apply to the Negro as to the white man. Whenever the nation forgets, or is tempted to forget, this basic principle the whole fabric of Government for both the white and the black man is threatened with destruction. This is true, whether it relates to conditions in Texas, Indiana, or Delaware. It is with Nations as with an individual; whatever we sow that shall we also reap. If we sow crime we shall reap lawlessness.

(To be Continued.)

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## THE PRINCESS.

FREDERICK S. MONROE.

May it not be true as we have heard,  
Fair was the Princess to all most dear;  
And each kind thought which lived in a  
word—  
Reflecting the truth in 'a heart sin-  
cere—  
Blossomed in flowers to fall at her feet.  
E'en now, as then, the Princess is fair,  
Ever with blessings she cometh to  
greet,  
Daily she's speaking with kindness  
which e'er  
Lives in the heart as flowers most  
sweet.



## PLIXIXIT.

## THE PALENACHENDESKIES KIKOO OF ARTHABASCA.

S. E. F. C. HAMEDOE, A PROFESSOR F. G. S. I.

In 1867, at the beginning of the full moon on a bleak and dreary winter's evening, in the tipi of a chief of the swampy Crees, squatted or crouched three men,—one an agent of the Hudson Bay Fur Co., the other a half-breed or metis, as they are commonly called, and the old chief. The pipe of peace had been passed around and smoked, and all felt at ease, except, perhaps, three dogs that roused up, now and then, and yawned, looked around, pricked up their ears, then fell back to sleep. One could see, through the small hole in the buffalo's skin that formed the covering for the entrance, the only light in the tipi, that it was "Ahipetsoka," half-moon or midnight, as the red man tells time. It had been a very hard day, and after a little "Rabibu" and "square-face" gin had been disposed of they all began to feel like sleep. The agent had just said, "Let's to sleep," when four claps from the hand was heard outside. All jumped to their feet and grasped their "Tewwo's" or guns, when the chief looked out and recognized another brave of the blood, his friend, "Alexinawathinoa," who always arose with "Ahipewi," sleep sun, or the moon. He bade him enter, and after a little square-face and a smoke he crouched with the others and was requested to relate the great story of Plixixit the Palenachendskieskikoo of Arthabasca. All three listened as attentively as a Chinese cooley gang to a montebank. Even the dogs sat up on their hind legs when he began to relate the story in the languages of the Cree Blackfeet and stony tongues, and I shall do my best to relate it to you as I heard it.

"In 1850 a black man of full blood

was shipwrecked on the coast of Labrador. Me no know what tribe he come from. Him heap black man. Him say Donnigo tribe, all heap black. Him heap good man. square-face no drink, talk heap much of Paleface, Christ; Missionary; all bad-bad men. on left side of Great Spirit, steal land, cheat red man. The only one who drifted ashore from a wreck, he came to Ft. Albany, across the Keewats country to Lake St. Joseph, by the Lake of the Woods to Gimli; from there to Lake Winnepegasis, across the Saskatchewan country up the Missinippi River to Ft. Chippewayan on the greatlake Athabasca. Here he found what had not been given him before, a cordial welcome among our people; for the Athabascans always welcomed and entertained strangers. After a while he was found worthy, and adopted in our tribe. He became cruel from a Paleface's idea, yet he was very brave and daring, and always loyal to his word. He seemed to have an in-born hate for the Paleface; and it seemed to grow daily, and whenever the agents tried to drive a bargain they invariably found out that he demanded more than any one else. He was well liked, however, by most of the agents. One of the agents had him to accompany him to Quebec. There he heard a strange tongue and saw the steel armor and coats of shining mail worn by the officers. He also saw many Indians working and commanded like slaves. Those things he marked especially and related to all of the various tribes in his region.

"There he saw the white squaws dressed in the finest furs, and he learned the fabulous prices demanded by the

agents for the same. He was more determined than ever to see that a fair price was paid for all furs bought, and of course this act cut the agent's profit.

"Joseph, for this was his short name, married the chief's daughter and took the guidance of the tribe, as he was to be their next great chief. Carl Schmeltzenoff, the co-agent, had a dispute with him over three broad-tail and six sable pelts. They parleyed over the price, until Schmeltzenoff grabbed a gun and knocked him down, crying, 'You d—m black devil! I have lost a hundred pounds by you since you came into this tribe.' As Joseph was son-in-law to the chief, he ordered no one to trade with Schmeltzenoff, and he was obliged to leave the station, and was transferred to Ft. Albany.

"They asked him why Schmeltzenoff called him "Black Devil." Then he related the story of the first American invasion, of the white man's abuse of the red man's hospitality, of the insurrection and glorious feat of arms, of the Republic of Santo Domingo and Hayti, and how they were now respected because they would not allow themselves to be servants of the Paleface, but equals. He had travelled quite a bit, and was a good talker. He soon became the favorite of other tribes and grew stronger daily. Then the Hudson Bay Company agents began to realize the nature of the man with whom they had to deal, and the error they made by carrying him to Quebec.

"The old chief called a council of his tribe, inviting the chiefs of the adjacent tribes. Much square-face was passed around. Then the old chief spoke in the council of what he had heard his son-in-law relate, when all acclaimed him and bade him tell his story over again. Then he told of cargoes of slaves that perished, of thousands of Indians who

had to work like slaves, and were killed like so many dogs when no longer fit for the mines. Then the old chiefs all stood up. 'These Furriers are all spies to take away our hunting grounds. As they have done other red men so will they do to you,' and with folded arms all swore by the Great Spirit to never allow the scalp of a Paleface to escape if an opportunity ever presented itself to take it. And an oath of blood was sworn to by Joseph for his son in the name of the Great Spirit and chief of this tribe to wipe the entire Schmeltzenoff family from the land of the living. If he failed, it was his son or his descendants that was to execute the oath, even though it took a million moons.

"A son was born of this union of Joseph and the chief's daughter, and he was called first Muuslooloo, and later Plixixit the Palenachendskieskikoo. He was taught to dance, shoot and take part in the hunting parties; on trappers, or as we might say, bargain day, they used to meet to trade. Plixixit used to shoot with bow and arrow. They used to split a stick and place a half-penny or hay-penny, as it was called, twenty paces in the split end of a stick, and he never missed with a rifle. At one hundred yards he was sure to kill any object that he could see. He was the pet of the tribe, for he was to be their next great chief. He was always sad, and only spoke when he was absolutely obliged to. The Fur Company's men hated his father, but they loved his son, and always looked for him to shoot on trading days. This red men's council did not bring about the union expected, while on an invading foe all agreed and was bound.

"Their tribal rights and rites are so different that a war soon broke out between the Crees and the Athabascas, Joseph called a council, and led his men

bravely, but an arrow brought him to an untimely death in a battle on the little red river, and his son Plixixit was made chief, subject to the guidance of the council. He soon became a shrewd trader, and always bore in mind the insult received by his father, and a determination to fulfill his promise at all costs.

"The missionaries began to trek into the country. His father had taught him that he must believe in only one religion and to practice faithfully the religious rites of his tribe, a prayer to the Great Spirit, and that all missionaries were bad. First, missionary, then square-face, then Indian's land gone. He was taught by the Medicine Men the legendary stories of all of the past Indians, and those held up as models who had always been the most hostile to the Paleface. He chose Red Jacket for his guide and they had but little to expect from his tribe and when the missionaries met him he gave them much the same reply as his old guide did years before he was born.

"We have a religion of our own, given us by our forefathers, and handed down to us as their children. We worship in that way; it teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive, to love each other, and to be united; we never quarrel about religion. The Great Spirit made us all, but he has given us different complexions and customs; to you he has given the arts; to these he has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since he has made such a difference in other things between us, why may we not conclude that he has given us a different religion, according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children; we are satisfied. The Great Spirit will not punish us for what we do not know.

I believe there is but little choice between you Palefaces who to us are like coyotes that yelp at our heels, only waiting an opportunity to put us on the other end of sleep; at the left side of the Great Spirit. Preach to your own. We will not turn aside from the religion of our forefathers, for it was given them by the Great Spirit, who always does right.'

"He formed the acquaintance of Sitting Bull, and was like Riel, he believed that the only way to withstand the Paleface was war. He tried to get all the Indinas to join and go on the war-path. He wanted a confederacy like the six nations. He knew all the languages spoken by all of the tribes of the Northwest from Kewatin to the nez pees in California, and after Riel's rebellion, he met the government agent, and in reply to questions put, answered, 'You make many promises, but you fulfil none. You hung Riel to a horse's tail like a sheep-thief. I have no faith in any race of men who say, 'Come, follow our Christ.' You are a race of half-bred snakes who bite when the back is back. There will never be any more peace pipes here. It must be you or me,' but the council was filled with men who had tasted the Palefaces' lead, and they would have no war.

"He was determined to see and fight, so he journeyed to Sitting Bull's camp, where they were in council, and learned from him many things that he had not heard before about the Paleface nation, took part in one of his raids, and was especially commended for his prowess, and they became fast friends. He took many scalps back to Chippewayan, and soon became famous as a fighter, but he had learned the lessons so dearly bought by Corn-Planter, Keokuk, and Osceola, the great Seminole. He saw how utterly impossible it was for the poorly-armed red man to check the incoming Paleface

and he used to stand for hours in his tipi, reciting the harangues of old warriors, and it was hard for all of the old councillors to keep his party of young braves from scalping every Paleface that entered the Northwest. So bent was he that he again assembled the council and delivered Keokuk's address, practically begging the council to do likewise. Keokuk had a set of braves who had that same spirit when he addressed them: 'Braves, I am your chief. It is my duty to lead you to war if you are determined to go, but in this war there is no middle course. The Government is a great power, and unless we conquer that great nation, we shall all perish. I will lead you against this race of whites only on one condition: that is that first we put to death all of our women and children, and after we have crossed the Mississippi never to return, but perish among the graves of our forefathers, rather than yield to the white man. Look how that race of half-bred snakes killed Corn-Planter and his son. Look at Osceola how he was taken and let die as a dog. We must fight or be like the slaves of which your chief, my father, spoke. How many of you here would be slaves? None. Then let us first scalp these missionaries. They do nothing but pray and eat. They are a curse to the red man. Look! look at the great Iroquois confederacy, how they have gone in the same way. We must unite; all red men are brothers. I will have a confederacy here in this country. The red men of this country must band together, as the day is almost here when the Paleface will be your chief, and you will be like dogs. The day is not far away when our aged fighting men will no more sit by our sides and relate those old tales and boast of war amid the applause and delight of our young men. Let us first unite. Sitting Bull told me to never trust a Pale-

face, and by 'Omngakatos' the great sun, I will never again smoke the pipe of peace with one. May the spirit of my great father frown upon me if I ever again pollute my hand with that of a Paleface, except for blood. Friend Bull told me his misfortunes began when the Paleface came. I shook hands with the government agents fifty years ago, and I have been running ever since from place to place to keep out of their way. 'Tetikele' men, the spirits of our ancestors call out to us to-night to come. But if we would appease the Great Spirit we must carry many Paleface scalps, and send many squaws to go with them. Then let us rise, take the old trail while yet 'Ahipetsaka' smiles. 'Akautcimkasima' is on our side, and by 'wihenopa hilma' sunrise to-morrow, every man will be great with the Great Spirit.'

"'Wastij! wastij!'—good! good!—cried the braves. They went from tipi to tipi, and collected a little band. Plixixit cried aloud, 'Kupe, follow me!' Just then the moon was submerged by a cloud. 'Oh, Ahipewi! it is an evil omen! But we have decided to move and at 'Wikucila' tomorrow afternoon we will return with all of their scalps, or join our fathers in their hunting grounds," and without tom-tom, without paint or feathers, without that first of all rites, the bath, from which all men go forth unpolluted, they walked, ran and crept stealthily to the settlers' camp, where eye for eye and tooth for tooth had been declared the real object. Without 'Suka,' dog, or 'Sukaka,' horse, only tewwo and tomahawk and knife, it was nigh to 'Wihenapa,' two days, afterwards when they came to the 'Albahawajuisat,' trading post. It was here that Schmeltzenoff lived, with his wife and two children. He was the real object of Plixixit's raid.



Plixixit's orders were to kill, scalp, and burn everything but the young white squaws; if possible, to take some of the white men for the stake, seize all guns and gunpowder, and furs. It was an awful slaughter, about forty-five being killed, men and women. Seven girls were taken captive, and the only man taken alive was Schmeltzenoff. His wife was killed and his two children taken captives—a girl of ten and a boy of twelve. They departed as stealthily as they came with these weeping girls and many scalps, Schmeltzenoff and his son. When they returned home there was great rejoicing and the Crees, Assiniboias, Keewats, Blackfeet and Bloods took part in the dance. Then they all looked at the white squaws and adopted them in the tribe. Plixixit ordered three stakes, and fagots, and passed around much square-face: He ordered the girl tied to the stake, and a slow fire kindled and as he ordered the death chant his mother stepped up and claimed her in lieu of a lost child. This so enraged Plixixit that if it had not been for the intervention of the medicine man she would have been killed. 'Bring the boy!' he yelled, and had him take her place. Then he ordered them to begin the Tom-Tom, and again the refrain from the death-song rent the air. He had them bring Schmeltzenoff and stand him in front of his son until he slowly burned to death, saying 'Did your father teach you to say, 'D—m Black Devil'? Stop those drums. Let silence reign!' He had his pipe lit and watched the father's face while he looked on at his son until he fell limp, face first, burned at the stake for his father's crime, and then turning to him said: 'It is this night that my father's spirit will rest in peace, and the Great Spirit will bless our people and his son.' Then he folded his arms, turned to the Northwest, East and

South, and began silently to pray the red man's prayer. Then he ordered the chant to continue, and the torch to be applied, and stood stoically and looked him in the face in all his agony, while he slowly burned to death. Thus he avenged his father's insult on that Paleface, half-breed snake.

"Then he cried aloud, 'Kupe, Kupe, Ambo wastij, Ambo wastij, Ambo Joka-poga hilma mi wastij. Ahipewi henapa.' (Come one and all and look, a good day, a good day, a good night, to-morrow will be good. Sleep Sun has risen. It is a good omen; the Great Spirit is pleased. Witness one and all of my tribe and brothers, I have fulfilled my father's wish. I have kept my oath, I am to-day a free man to act for myself. The oath of blood is now washed out. To-morrow we shall hold a council of war. We must join our friend Akautcin-nikasimo and Sitting Bull the Great. We must have war. Ambo Iokapago. Ambo Iokapago). And all was still in the camp. The council of war was held, and the tribe declared that it was suicide to face the Paleface with his guns. So Plixixit decided to go alone, and learn a little more about the white man's way of fighting. The next morning found him on his way to the Red River reservation. He met the Blood chief and related his story, then on to the Blackfeet and Dakotas. The Indian police were chasing Sitting Bull at that time, and he fled to Canada. He was met and joined by Plixixit. Plixixit had been outlawed by the Canadian authorities. They cornered him with twelve Blackfeet braves, and a battle was fought. All were shot dead but him. He did not save the last bullet for himself, as is usual in such cases, and when he saw that he was going to be captured he drew the knife and plunged it in his own breast, crying out, 'Father, your oath!

the Great Spirit calls. I have finished my work, oh Schmeltzenoff!" and fell on his face, dead. When they found him they cried aloud, 'He has saved his scalp. He was the noblest chief of them all.'

"The agent of the government allowed them to take away his body, and they carried him back to Ft. Chippewayan on the banks of the great lake Athabasca, where his father slept, then again the Tom-Tom was heard to sound and the

death chant again began to resound in that familiar strain so dreaded by settlers, not for the motion of its music, but its significance, this time for their hero, Plixixit the Palenachendskikoo of Athabasca."

"But Chief, why did they call him this?"

"Oh, yes, you will have to ask the medicine man. Me no know."

## A PLEA FOR UNITY.

SAMUEL BARRETT.

"In Union There is Strength."

In the above quotation we have the secret of the power and the strength of the most advanced and progressive race on the globe. The Caucasian may be divided on questions of policy, but when it comes to issues where great and underlying principles are involved they are and always have been as one. This proposition may best be illustrated by reference to one or two historical events. The fight for independence which characterized the "American Revolution" was not fought so vigorously and with such a tenacity of purpose because the colonists were eager to be free from the dominion and control of England, but rather because they did not care to be taxed either by means of the "Stamp Act" or on "Tea" without "Representation." They said that taxation without representation is tyranny. We can all see the logic of this contention, for if a man is taxed at the caprice of some despot he may not only be taxed unmercifully, but, since he is not represented in Parliament or Congress, as the case may be, he has no redress, and hence must bear all sorts of governmental indignities. And when the right

of an individual to participate in his country's government is denied him, all other civil rights, even to reduction to slavery, cannot long be deferred. But the principle that taxation without representation is tyranny found sympathy in all of the original thirteen English colonies, and when Boston port was closed for throwing the tea over-board, eleven of the colonies which met in the Second Colonial Congress in Philadelphia unanimously agreed to sustain Massachusetts in her conflict with a wicked ministry. Is it any wonder that they fought seven years to gain their liberty? Is it any wonder that they gained it? Such signal devotion to a common cause will always receive the plaudits of the civilized world.

During the reign of Elizabeth all England arose, irrespective of religious proclivities, to defend their native land against the invasion of the Spanish. It is not within the province of history to say what England would have been had Phillip with his "Invincible Armada" conquered the English people.

The Saxons may differ as to questions of policy, but when great and underlying

ing principles are involved they are and always have been as one.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that those races who have made the least substantial progress have been those races who are always fighting among themselves, who are never united, even when great and underlying principles are involved. The downfall of empires as well as the extinction of races may be summed up in the words, "lack of unity." It matters not what elements of success a race may have within itself, real progress cannot be made without unity. Probably no one of our many shortcomings helps to keep us down more than this lack of unity. Indeed, it would be safe to say without fear of contradiction that the "Race Problem" would be half solved if we were united. Unity is strength wherever found. We may best illustrate this proposition by a brick structure. Each brick supports each other brick, and it is immaterial how large the structure may be, if one brick is removed, it weakens. The whole is not greater than any one of its parts.

Some years ago, John Jones was engaged to construct a bridge for the Bessemer Railroad. In constructing this bridge the iron-workers neglected to rivet in a certain bolt. It was a beautiful summer afternoon, an afternoon long to be remembered, when train Number Ten, with its car-load of human freight, was suddenly dashed to pieces beneath the rushing waters below. The bridge was weak because the bolt was left out. For want of a bolt the bridge was destroyed, the train wrecked, and the death of many individuals ensued.

Having considered unity in a broad and general way, it behooves us now to consider it as it relates to the Negro race in the United States. And for the purpose of this discussion we will di-

vide the subject into the following heads: First, Why does the Negro in America need unity? Second: What are the causes of disunion among Negroes? Third: How may unity be effected?

And first, why does the Negro in America need unity? I use the term "need" because it is much stronger than "want." The first and foremost reason should be and is because of race. In other words, race pride should and must play a very important part in the future development of the Negro. Unless we have race pride it is impossible to conceive how we can carve out a destiny in the Republic. Pride of origin is the stimulant that has been the incentive to the progress of all the advanced races of the earth.

In our ancestral home we have had no opportunity to develop. Nature fed us from her bread-tree. We were not compelled to struggle, strive nor contend for the essentials of life; we had no obstacles to surmount, and hence we did not cultivate that spirit of independence and self-reliance which has made races great. Geographically we were isolated; we had little or no commercial intercourse with the outside world, other than barter in the slave trade. It is the geographical position of England that has saved her, not only from disintegration by jealous European powers, but also saved to her her liberties and permitted her to evolve into the powerful nation that she is to-day. The English Channel has more than once saved England from foreign invasion. We should never lose sight of the fact, then, that the geographical position has considerable to do with answering the question why some races are advanced and others are backward.

The writer has often heard it said, by a man well known in Negro circles, that

we did not need unity. Any man who assumes the role of a leader, as this man does, and has not sufficient foresight to see that unity in any race, much more in our own, is to be encouraged, neither has the elements of a successful leader nor should he be recognized as one by any race.

In the second place we need unity because it is powerful in bringing about all race achievements. Suppose, for example, all the Negroes in the country were united to relieve the financial difficulties in connection with colored education, it would be a very small amount for each member of the race to pay. It would relieve the country of the "annual school mendicant," and it would put the race as a whole in a vastly more favorable light in the eyes of the civilized world—in this respect at least—than it is possible to imagine at the present time.

Suppose, again, industries were built out of the money of the race in all the large centers of Negro population, North as well as South, to give employment to Negroes in such localities. The problem of the idle Negro would be largely solved, as well as that of the unemployed, and at the same time it would be a great race achievement. But it is said that just as soon as we begin to segregate and build up our own enterprises, we draw the color line, and it will not pay for colored people to draw the color line. But, my friends, if we are to stop all race enterprises on that ground, if we are not to advance to the highest point in civilization because it will draw the color line, it would have been better had we remained in slavery. And no sane man would argue that.

Since social equality exists in the realm of fiction only, it will be better for us to seize the opportunities presented to us to build up great race enterprises

before every avenue is closed against us.

In the third place, we need unity because a house divided against itself cannot stand. It is so plain that a race that is divided on matters which tend to its interests cannot stand, but must totter and fall, that it admits of no dispute. Especially is this true in the United States, where the race antipathy on the part of the whites is so fierce and bitter. One would think when he takes into account this fact that the race would be so bound together, solidified, that nothing conceivable could rend us asunder. But any one who has watched our movements in societies and organizations in general will be soon convinced to the contrary. It seems the more the antipathy of the white race is exerted against us, the more disunited we become.

Unity in a common cause is of prime importance in the future career of any people. We cannot all lead in the popular sense; the great majority of us must follow. Should we wait until we are reduced to slavery before we are united? If we wait that long it may be too late, for iron chains will then be about our feet. For the sake of those who are to come after us we should be united on all things that have for their object the uplifting of the Negro race.

In the fourth place, we need unity because it will aid us in solving our own "race problem." Let us take, for example, the problem of the city Negro, which is a problem mainly of idleness, crime, viciousness, and race contact. If the race were united on some policy of race improvement in the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, the cities which are being rapidly filled up with members of the race and of a very bad order, we would have solved materially the problem of the city Negro in those cities named, and similar



plans could be put into operation in every city and town of a large Negro population. Something must be done for the outcasts of our race, and by the race, for their condition is becoming more threatening every day.

If the race were united on the question of "Mortality" resulting from consumption, pulmonary and other lung diseases, and put forth some effort to check its ravages, we would have solved one of the greatest problems confronting the race. Any careful observer of race mortality must admit that the death rate from these diseases is far too great.

We next come to the causes of disunion among Negroes. And first, it is the lack of race pride. Second, we have not had it presented to us in such a way and manner that we can see the need of unity. Third, it is because of color. We represent so many different shades and hues with our race, from ebony to alabaster, that there has sprung up within this race variety a system of caste equal to that of the whites. It is the serious belief of the author that if we did not have so much of this "white blood" within the race the problem of unity would be easier. We have the blacks despising the lights, since they represent neither one thing nor the other, and the lights priding themselves on their white origin and straight hair. Here is where the trouble begins. The question may be sifted down to this if we eliminate the octoroon and quadroon who pass both for white and colored, whichever is convenient and pays. We have among us a large class of mulattoes and blacks. The census of 1901 failed to classify its Negro population according to color, but included all who were not Negroes as those of "Negro descent." For all intents and purposes the mulattoes must cast their lot with the blacks. So long as the Saxon knows

that you are not a Negro, and you have none of his blood in your veins, no question is asked. But this must be in evidence.

The fourth cause is sectional feeling. We can never arrive at the true basis of unity if we are proud of the fact that we are Northerners or Southerners, or Easterners or Westerners, rather than proud of the fact that we are Negroes. We should let pride of section be secondary to pride of race. We should feel that we are Negroes, not "Virginia Negroes," merely, from Maine to California. And what we are striving for, after all, is not so much to build up the Negroes in the different states, but rather to build up the Negro in the United States. The same principle applies when a Negro is born outside the United States; if he is willing to cast his lot with the race here, he should not be termed a "foreigner," but a Negro, and whatever he does for the benefit of his race should receive the same commendation as though he were born under the Stars and Stripes. He should be assisted also in all movements for race uplifting.

We come now to the last division of this subject, namely: How unity may be effected, and this is, perhaps, the most important division of them all.

In the first place, we should call to our aid the Negro press, and when I say press, I mean religious as well as secular, magazines as well as newspapers. The press should set aside an editorial column every week to the calm and intelligent discussion of unity. They should show wherein it is a power and wherein it is a hindrance. It is proper to discuss the "suffrage," but it must be plain to every intelligent editor that the "suffrage" cannot be gained unless the race is united. For an editor to discuss unity, he must have race pride, he must

not be narrow, he must be free from bias and present truths as they are without fear or favor. He does not have any "political axe to grind," he is pleading for unity, irrespective of political parties.

The pulpit should be used also to bring about this much-needed reform within the race. Sermons should be preached at least twice a month on unity. With regard to the Methodist Churches, the Bishops should instruct their ministers to this effect.

Secret societies should co-operate with the pulpit and the press in bringing about unity. Unity meetings should be held weekly in order that the race should be fully aroused to the need of it.

The next suggestion would be that men with race pride, or women either, for only those will be of any service to the race, organize union societies in their several states. The object of these societies should not be hatred, malice or revenge to the white race, but to bring about the highest possible development of the Negro race. Meetings should be held once a week to discuss the condition of the race in their respective states, with a view to bettering its condition. All men and women who have shown real and genuine race interest should be permitted, and even asked, to join. These, as a matter of course, will join without being invited. Those who are not interested in the race, and whose conduct has never shown such interest, should not be hindered from joining, but I fail to see where they can do much good to the race.

These meetings cannot be carried on without finances, which should be nominal, and for the sole purpose of paying for such necessary expenses as accrue from time to time, telling of the progress of the race and its needs in the various sections of each particular state. Each state should have a convention once a

year, when representatives from each county should meet at a state convention. Each state should meet in a general state convention of all the states once in two years. At these general state conventions reports of the various states should be received telling of the progress of the race in each state.

Lastly, unity may be effected by compromise. Some of the greatest blessings that have ever come to the human race have been brought about by compromise.

In adopting the constitution of the United States slavery was compromised. Had slavery not been compromised we would not have had a Federal Union, and perhaps the issue of slavery would have been impossible to solve. All through life we meet compromises in settling disputes between man and man. The final compromise we must make for the good of the race as a whole is the compromise of "color." "The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line," applies not only to white Americans, but also to colored.

It matters not how black a man or woman may be, if either shows a willingness to help the race we should recognize him or her, and put implicit faith, confidence and trust in them. If, on the other hand, we have a man or woman so "fair" that they can "pass for white,"—if they show pride of origin, and do not belittle and ignore the people from whom they sprung; if they show a real interest in the race with whom they are, in a sense at least, identified, we should follow them, not because of their color, but because they have worth and deserve to be followed. If this compromise of color is not made, both must eventually meet ruin. If those of fairer hue separate themselves from the blacks, or vice versa, what can be gained? It may be that neither side will compro-

mise. I would then suggest this radical move: that one or the other withdraw and build up their own civilization. It would be far better to have a distinctly black civilization or distinctly mulatto civilization than to have the progress of the whole race curtailed through lack of unity on account of color.

Compromises should be made with those who are called leaders. This should be done for the good of the race. It does not become a race to let the outside world see that we are opposing men whom they recognize as worthy of respect and honor. The propagandism of our leaders may be opposed to our best interests, but we shall serve the best interest of the race, not by exhibiting to the outside world their weaknesses, but rather by bringing them before the general convention of the several states, appointed for the purpose of unity, and have them state, under oath, their position.

It may be that this proposed general convention is not in existence. In such a case I would suggest that the "Afro-American Council" should be substituted. This body is an able body, and could do considerable for the welfare of their people. But I regret to say that the wishes of the members are largely paramount to the best interest of the race,—men who care more for their own interests than for the people whom

they ought to represent, men who have some "political axe to grind," and use the race in its furtherance. There are some men who compose that council who have race pride,—would to God all had such. But a large number of them have no conception what race pride means.

These men who are called leaders may be unwilling to come before this august body of their peers to show why they pursue such a course, detrimental to their race. In such a case the race would be justified in withholding all support, even moral support.

Although the Negro race in the United States has many difficulties to overcome which do not lie in the path of the white man, although the strides which the race has made, considering our past history, are worthy of the greatest praise, yet we "shall never stretch forth our hands to God," we shall never show the inherent capabilities of the race, we shall stumble and fall and perish as a race, unless we are united in an indissoluble bond of common interest. It would be a sad thing indeed if such an event should occur when we take into consideration that the greater part of our race-life was spent in slavery, and we have had neither the time nor opportunity to show the real possibilities within us.

## THE QUAKER CITY.

H. HARRISON WAYMAN.

Miss Helen Stevens, one of Philadelphia's smart set, attends to the large catering business which she and her brother recently inherited by the death of their parents. She is an accomplished pianist and guitarist and a member of the Treble Clef Social.

Messrs. Rosebone and Johnson are

the leading colored photographers; their business has only been in operation for about three years, and is quite prosperous; its patrons are both white and colored.

Mr. E. W. Gaines & Co. conduct a ladies' and gentlemen's furnishing store. Among those that wait on the customers



MISS LOUISE VENNING.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

See Page 52.

is Miss A. Sykes, a very refined young woman.

Richard R. Warrick is one of the government civil service commissioners for Philadelphia.

Rodman D. Smith is in the U. S. Revenue department, being gauger in the First Revenue district of Pennsylvania.

Joshua Williams is an Inspector in the Philadelphia Custom House.

Eli Flowers is Special Officer in the Philadelphia Post Office.

In the Philadelphia Post Offices there are about 70 colored men employed in the various departments.

Miss Carrie B. Early is a trained nurse of acknowledged ability.

Miss Louise Venning, one of the graduates from the girls' high school in 1898, and the Girls' Normal in 1900, is one of the instructors in the Somerville Public School. She has a profound love for music; in the choir of Crucifixion Episcopal church she is a contralto. Miss Venning is also an instructor in physical culture for the ladies who attend the gymnasium connected with the church. She is secretary for the Treble Clef Social and plays the mandolin and guitar in the Clef mandolin and guitar club. She is a great lover of out-of-door sports.

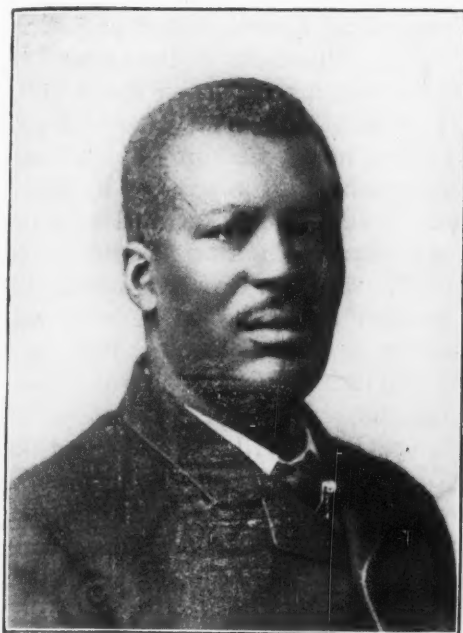
Mr. Harry Johnson runs a first-class china and furnishing store, besides he is a skilled decorator and rents silverware, etc. to caterers and families.



MISS CARRIE B. EARLY.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

See Page 52.





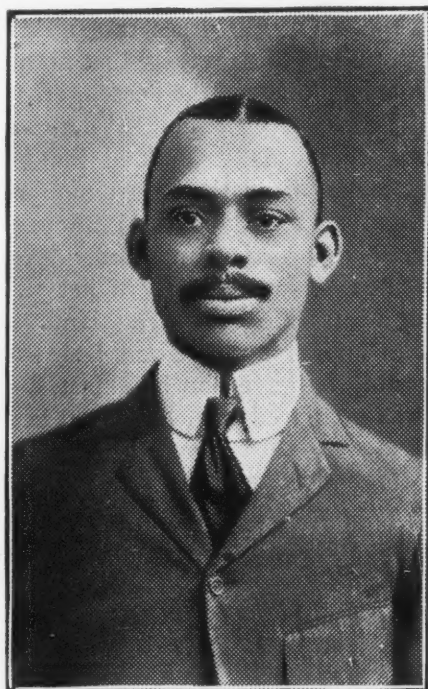
MR. LEVI CROMWELL.  
PHILADELPHIA PA.

*See Page 54.*



MR. SAMUEL ALEXANDER.

*See Page 57.* PHILADELPHIA, PA.



MR. PRESTON C. SLOWE.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

*See Page 56.*



MR. WM. C. BOLIVAR.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

*See Page 896; December.*

W. A. Satterfield is a dealer in diamonds, watches, and silverware.

The firm of Warwicks run a first-class stationery and periodical emporium.

E. Dickerson controls a large trade in cigars and papers.

Chas. Thomas is the leading Colored Florist.

Mr. A. Fromita runs a cigar factory.

Cottman & Bros. have a steam carpet cleaning establishment.

Martha J. Tehmann manufactures cigars and has store attached for the sale of them.

Mr. Alexander Makel, the first colored man to open a furnishing store for men in Philadelphia, was born in the Maryland, October 15, 1869. He commenced his career as workman on a farm; later he was coachman for a merchant. By attending the night school conducted at the Central Y. M. C. A. at 15th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, he became educated. Seeing the lack of enterprise in the furnishing line he entered the business. In the third year his business increased one hundred per cent with every prospect of still greater development in the near future. Mr. Makel is agreeable and courteous, and from papers and documents in the possession of his family has good reason to claim direct descent from the King Marraba of the Nandingos.

Hon. Levi Cromwell, one of Philadelphia's highly respected citizens, was born in Portsmouth, Va. His father, owing to the pressure of the slave laws, moved his family of six children to Philadelphia early in the 50s. Levi pushed himself forward first by opening oysters for restaurants. In the summer he went to the United States Hotel at Saratoga Springs for eight seasons. After his last season at Saratoga he left there in September and with a party of young men went to Cincinnati, Ohio. On reaching

there and finding the river low he put up at the Dumas Hotel, whose proprietor was Andy Shumack. In December, 1856, he took a position on the steamer "J. H. Aclesh" that ran to New Orleans. From then he worked on various boats plying on the Mississippi and its tributaries. Among the most noted were the floating palace, "The Buffalo" and "L. S. Shotwell," which at that time was a record breaker between New Orleans and Louisville, making it in four days, nine hours and twenty minutes. After traveling as far as Prairie Dauchien, on reaching Galena, Ill., he returned by way of Chicago. On his way home the passengers had to take a boat at Louisville; Cromwell was halted by a constable who asked where he came from and if he had any one to sign for him a \$1000 bond. As he pulled out his free papers, "Oh! you are one of the F. F. V's. So am I," and the man passed him on the boat. On the way from Cincinnati to Parkersburg, Va., the train ran off the track and all had to stop there that night; Mr. Cromwell followed the passengers to a hotel. The proprietor said, "Where are you going?" he told him, and handed him his papers from the Court of Norfolk County, Va., "Do you know any one here?" he further inquired. "No, sir," replied Cromwell, "my ticket was purchased in Chicago." The landlord gave him supper and a good bed. In the morning he gave him breakfast, and as he was a colored man he would take no pay.

For thirty-five years he conducted a restaurant in the city's banking quarter, where he served the great financiers. When the Bourse was built five years ago he retired, opened a very elaborate cafe of its own. In 1863 he was second head waiter. Mr. Cromwell was identified with the underground railroad between Norfolk and Philadelphia; many

of the people hidden away stopped at his father's house. He entertained the members of the bands during the celebration of the Manhattan Proclamation—also the company of soldiers that came from Portsmouth, Va., to visit the Gray Invincibles of Philadelphia during the centennial, also the strangers were likewise invited and royally entertained. During the Peace Jubilee, when the 10th Cavalry visited the city on the invitation

There is an endless variety of professions and enterprises in which Quaker City ladies embark; in fact nothing to them is tenebrous.

Mrs. A. Foster is a funeral director. Her establishment is thoroughly equipped, including a factory and a large livery stable. Besides she owns considerable property.

Mrs. H. S. Duterte, another well-to-do undertaker, has an office with an up-to-



MR. JOSEPH LANG.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

See Page 57.

of its citizens, Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell were among those who contributed lavishly to make their stay agreeable.

Mr. Cromwell is a director in the Star Saving Bank, also the Frederick Douglass Memorial Hospital, and an Odd Fellow for 38 years. He is a man of wealth and considerable influence, his house is of tranquil domestic simplicity, the kind that has made the Quaker city famous.

date auditorium for funeral purposes.

Mrs. Marcelina Montier conducts a dressmaking school.

Mr. Calvin W. Mitchell, head engineer of the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons, is an expert landscape gardener. He has invented a method for conveying cold water to all parts of the institution direct from the storage through the pipes, saving the expense and handling of ice.

Mr. Preston C. Slowe, one of our self-made young men, represents the advancement a young man can make by close application to the ethics of a profession in the Quaker City. Drifting into Philadelphia from a Virginia farm sixteen years ago, he grasped the offer of Mr. Calvin W. Mitchell of the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons to become his fireman in the boiler room at three dollars a week. After serving his apprenticeship, he at once secured employment at the Provident Life and Trust Company's Building in Philadelphia, as assistant engineer. He was afterwards employed by the firm of Clerk & Thomas, who have more than five-hundred employes. Later he went with the steam heating and contracting firm of Chicago until he was recalled to his adopted home and secured the appointment of engineer for the Pittsburg Plate Glass Co. from Mr. John Pitcairn, during which time he invented what is known as Slowe's patent hood for conveying fumes from cooking. After remaining with Mr. John Pitcairn for eight years, through the good offices of his friend and benefactor, the late Mr. R. M. Glenn, he was appointed chief engineer in the large new sky-scraper known as the Pitcairn Building, erected by the Pittsburg Plate Glass Co. of Philadelphia, with eight employes under his supervision. He also holds the position of supervising engineer for the estate of M. J. Pitcairn.

The uplifting of our young men has no stronger champions than Jno. S. Trower and S. Thomas Bivins, Walter P. Hall and Seldom J. Brock.

Mr. Trower is one of the leading men of that part of Greater Philadelphia known as Germantown.

Richard Allen, the founder of the A. M. E. Church, was born there on February 14, 1760.

At Germantown Francis Daniel Pastorious, its founder, sounded the first open protest against the institution of slavery.

Walter P. Hall, one of the leading produce merchants of Philadelphia; his stock goes to the best families.

Seldom J. Brock is our leading real estate broker. His residence is in the fashionable section of West Philadelphia.

Mr. S. Thomas Bivins has been in the upholstery business for a number of years. Not only has he been successful in his calling but has opened a hall where young men are trained to upholster and cane chairs. He has opened a Y. M. C. A. adjoining and is making headway in the development of an industrial college.

Wm. Williams & Brother are among the most successful upholsterers.

Warley Bascom has been in the general upholstery for a quarter of a century.

Carter, Williams & Sons are about the leaders in their profession; their canopies and whist tables are always in demand by the elite at their social functions.

One of the exceptional cases of young colored men filling positions of great responsibility is that of Dallas M. Dumson. Although quite a young man he fills the position of chief electrician for one of the large stores. Walter L. Whitfinch is another bright electrician who is also skilled in theatrical mechanics. Mr. W. O. Gilbert is decorator and sign painter for Berg Bros.' department store. It is a fact that he is proficient in his calling, for when a colored man has a position of this kind it is no dream, especially when there are twenty-seven windows to dress and thousands of signs to paint. Salary is the balm of labor, and a good laborer usually gets his share of remuneration. Mr. W. O. Gilbert is a brother of



Stanley Gilbert, the pianist, and Mrs. Ida Chestnut, the famous soprano.

Edward P. Lovett is one of the clerks for the Edison Electric Light Co.

#### Mr. Samuel Alexander

Mr. Samuel Alexander, of Alexander & Bros., has been an all-around trainer and teacher in the livery business for sixteen years. He has filled positions at York, Harrisburg and Philadelphia, Pa., until he and his brother opened stables of their own. Mounts are furnished from these stables for the crack cavalry regiment, the First City Troop of Philadelphia, the mounted officers of the Sixth Regiment and the State Fencibles of Penna. He has supplied the City Troops for ten years. Mr. Alexander has considerable influence with the city's best people, with whom he has become associated through his ability as a teacher of riding and driving. He is one of the most graceful riders, as well as master of the horse in his profession.

#### Mr. Joseph Lang

In this age of progress there is hardly a niche that the colored man in some form or manner does not fill. The running of automobiles requiring skill and nerve has added many colored chauffeurs

to this profession. Mr. Joseph Lang is the first colored man in America to run an automobile. He has shown the public he is one of the most reliable chauffeurs in the country. He has seven years' experience. Mr. Lang is in the employ of Massen Banker Brothers of Philadelphia, New York and Pittsburg; he fills the position of chief chauffeur. He possesses a good knowledge of the mechanical parts of an automobile, and is highly thought of by the profession, especially on account of his care in avoiding accidents when in charge of racers. He has proven the colored man's utility in his profession, and bids fair to sustain his reputation.

Among Philadelphians making fame in the world of art are Henry O. Tanner, artist, and Meta Vaux Warrick, sculptress.

Surely when you reflect upon the lives of the men and women we have recorded, survey the endless hardships they have endured, the trials and disappointments, the hours of suspense, surely they have suffered the pangs of anguish. The futility of passing unjust laws of social ostracism is shown by the bright careers we have recorded, and proves the colored race invincible with half a chance in life.

### MR. G. GRANT WILLIAMS.

OF THE PHILADELPHIA TRIBUNE.

The cities nestling, picturesquely, on the banks of the world famous Hudson River, are noted for their production of great men—great as statesmen, great as orators, great as historians, and noted in almost every other known capacity.

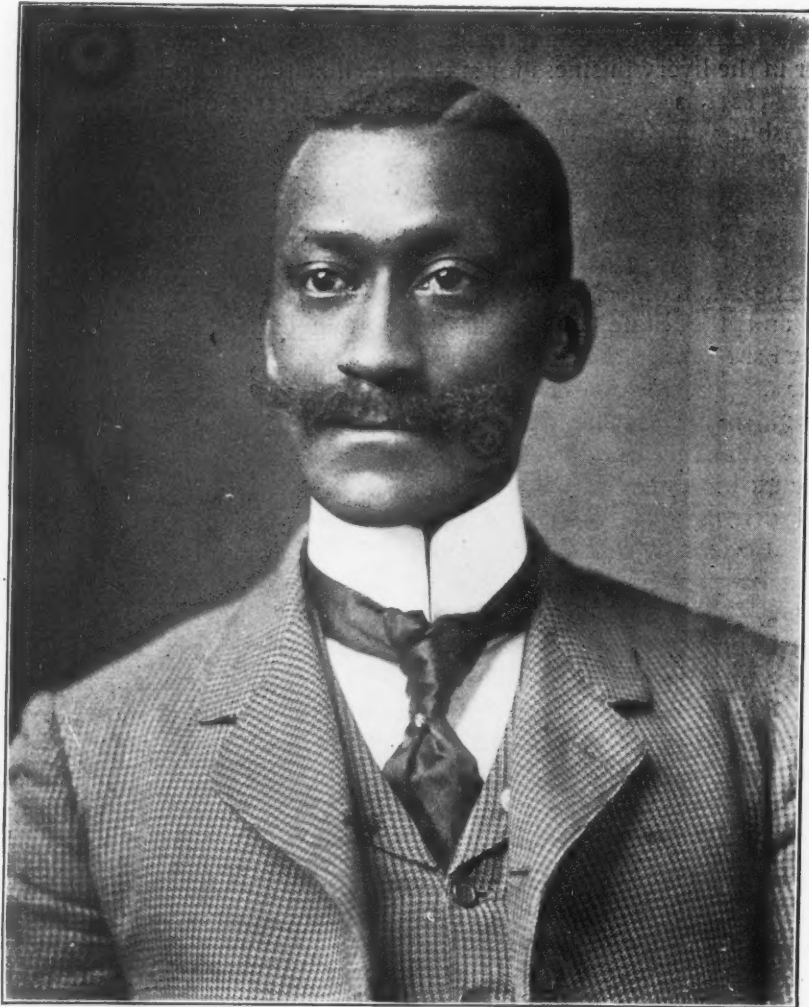
Mr. Williams, one of the most prominent colored men in New England, was born in Peekskill, N. Y., and was educated in the local public schools. In

1880 he secured employment in Perry's stove foundry, in Sing Sing, and, later on, worked on famous Briarcliff farm in New York State.

Tiring of rural life, Mr. Williams repaired to the metropolis, where he learned the barber's trade in the tonsorial parlors of his uncle, George Washington, at 126 West Twenty-sixth Street, New York City.

After a brief season here, and after he had acquired a full knowledge of the business, he went to St. Augustine, Fla., where he was employed as a barber in the Cordova and Ponce de Leon hotels,

Richmond Planet, the Philadelphia Tribune, the "Colored American Magazine," the Barbers' Journal, and other equally important sheets, doing, meanwhile, considerable magazine work.



MR. G. GRANT WILLIAMS.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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and after remaining there for a short time he came to Hartford, where he turned his attention to journalistic pursuits and became a contributor to and is now acting as agent for several newspapers published in the interests of colored people, among them being the Connecticut Banner, the Independent Freeman, the

Mr. Williams, in addition to his other accomplishments, is a sketch artist and a lecturer of renown, one of his discourses delivered in this city last summer gaining for him the compliment of a three-column report in the Hartford Courant of August 8.

Mr. Williams, as may be readily seen,

as a man of many parts and he is interested in everything that appertains to the benefit of his fellow colored men.

He was a delegate to the first National Negro Business league, held at

league was a happy combination of shrewd business sense and quaint humor. He said in part:

"I had the honor of being present at the first meeting of this organization in



MESSRS. JOSEPH R. KEEBLE AND GEORGE N. RAINEY.  
BOSTON, MASS.

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Boston in 1900, and was a delegate to the third annual meeting of the National Negro Business league at Richmond, Va., last August, and there delivered an address on barbering as a profession, being invited by Booker T. Washington.

Mr. Williams' speech before the

Boston, Mass., two years ago. I listened with great interest to the very eloquent address of Mr. Giles B. Jackson, a real estate dealer from Richmond, Va. He told of the progress of the Negroes in Virginia, and that on April 5, 1865, they were turned loose without one

foot of land or even one dollar to purchase it, and in thirty-five years they had accumulated and owned one twenty-sixth of all the land in the State of Virginia. He told of how the True Reformers did a large business, and how their bank loaned the city of Richmond \$150,000 during the panic in 1893. He told of the famous Jackson ward and that three-fourths of it belonged to the colored people. He also said that the Negroes of Virginia were acquiring land at about the rate of 50,000 acres a year. This being a matter of fact, Richmond, Va., without a doubt, must be the hub of the Negro business world. I have been expecting daily to see an 'extra' New York paper with a big lettered front page saying that Giles B. Jackson had bought the entire State of Virginia for Negroes. . . .

"I have been invited to speak to you on barbering as a profession. As a rule barbers and newspaper men are always given credit for knowing more about other people's business than they do about their own. Unfortunately I happen to be both; the chairman of the committee on program evidently overlooked this fact when he assigned me to this subject. He insisted that I should tell the convention of my method of doing business, and what it takes to succeed in business. I do not believe in egotism, and always prefer to speak and write about the good qualities of others.

"Representing a meagre business and being placed before this large and intelligent gathering of business people, I am reminded of Pokey Barnes of Virginia, who spoke in Hartford several years ago. After being introduced, she said, 'Ladies and Gentlemen: I have not had the advantages of education like many of you up North, therefore I have no A.M., D.D., or LL.D. attached to my name. My name is simply Pokey

Barnes, C.S., the C.S. stands for common sense.' If our colleges would confer a few of these C.S. degrees it would be a great help to the race."

Certainly Mr. Williams is not lacking in the enjoyment of a large share of the desired commodity — common sense.

In 1902 Mr. Williams delivered a great address on "The Negro From a Common Sense Standpoint." This address contains many sterling truths, and is an example of rugged eloquence. Among many good points made by the lecturer were the following:

"You may give the Negro all that any other race possesses, but unless you give him protection, and force the people to be law abiding citizens, there will never be a solution of the Negro problem.

"When our Government shall have disbanded all of the colored troops, and allow men to join the army as American citizens and not as Negro soldiers, when she permits all men to be promoted according to rank and not barred because of color, then we can hope for a solution of this vexed question; but so long as the Government itself is prejudiced, the case is almost hopeless. I believe that every American citizen should have like treatment in public affairs. Other nations do not have separate armies. All nationalities, classed as white, are on equal footing, but the Negro must have a separate infantry and white officers. We proved that we could fight without white officers at San Juan. In the heat of the battle a colored Sergeant was in charge, and the white officers were out of sight, and some of them have not been found yet.

"As a race we must learn that when an injustice is done to one of our race, it affects us all. We must drop sectional and religious jealousies and fight for



ourselves as we have fought for others. Our motto must be, 'United action for race interests.'

"Our leaders must practice what they preach and not have selfish motives for personal gain rather than race interests. Our men who have money must invest it, open factories, stores, etc., thus giving employment to many of our young men and women who spend their idle moments on the streets or on some corner.

"If white men in the South were lynched for the same crimes that many Negroes are accused of, their death rate would be equal to a yellow fever epidemic.

"One rule, one law for all, regardless of race or color. We only want a fair opportunity in the race of life. We ask nothing more and will be satisfied with nothing less."

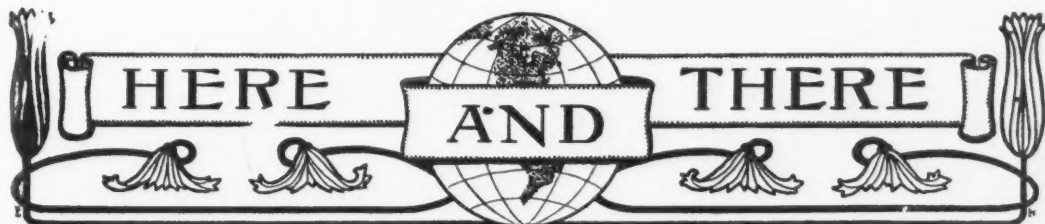
Mr. Williams glories in the fact that he has the personal friendship of every distinguished colored man in the country, among them being Booker T. Washington, "Major" Taylor and others of equal note.

A month ago Mr. Williams was the proprietor of one of the finest tondorial parlors in Hartford, located at 209 Pearl street, furnished in almost palatial style, and a model of cleanliness and beauty.

Among the many attractions are electric lights, ball bearing electric fixtures, rotary brushes, handsome plush upholstered reclining chairs and other up-to-date appurtenances, including patent hot water apparatus, etc. At 209 Pearl street our friend did a flourishing business. A few weeks ago it was announced that a flattering offer had been made him by Editor Chris. Perry of The Philadelphia Tribune to become the city editor of that enterprising weekly, which Mr. Williams accepted.

He is a member of High Cliff lodge, No. 2941, G. V. O. of O. F., Nyack, N. Y.; past grand master's council, No. 84, Hartford, Conn.; Charter Oak Fountain, U. O. of T. R.; president of the Hartford Negro Business league, who gave a banquet in honor of Prof. Booker T. Washington in this city March 31, and is recording secretary of Local 359, H. and R. E. I. A.

We regret that New England has lost this energetic and successful business man, for we have not so many that we can spare one. Mr. Williams has always been a good friend of "The Colored American Magazine," and the entire force begs to offer him its best wishes for his future prosperity in every walk of life.



(Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or loca's as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout this country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.

The Rev. J. Allen Viney, whose cut accompanies this sketch, was born on the banks of Loramie Creek in the "backwoods" of Shelby County, Ohio, May

28, 1853; he comes of Negro, Scotch, Jewish, and Indian descent; he spent his first 18 years on his father's farm. He was of a strong religious temperament

from his youth and when about seven years old he remembers seeing the name Christ in the Bible, and the impression it made upon him.

He began the study of the Bible when he first learned to read, carrying it with him to his work, and during his earlier

until last May when he received the great revelation that Ham and his posterity are the historical type of Jesus Christ.

After his conversion his father moved to Toledo, O., from there he went to South Carolina, and at the age of 20 he



REV. J. ALLEN VINEY.  
TOLEDO, OHIO.

*See Page 61.*

childhood days and at all times while alone he could hear his name called in a loud and clear articulation, "John, John."

He was early impressed, years before his conversion, that he bore a peculiar relation to Christ, his convictions being so manifest that he related the fact to the members of the family; not being a Christian at the time he could never account in after life for such a conviction

was commissioned by the Governor as Irish Justice for the Parish of St. James; such was his reputation in this office for impartiality and justice, that the people abstained from the use of profane language while in his presence. He was once asked by a woman whether or not he was the "ruler of the world."

Mr. Viney entered college at 22, and was a hard student, but allowed his zeal for knowledge to take the advantage of

his judgment; the feat of completing four books in analytical geometry and reviewing three of them within 18 days cost him a long siege of sickness.

Leaving college he went to Texas and received the principalship of the school at Henderson. The year he entered the university he refused to accept the principalship of the schools of Waco, Texas,



HON. T. THOMAS FORTUNE.

See Page 13. EDITOR NEW YORK AGE

and also a position in a school in Galveston at \$90.00 per month, for the pastorate of a church at \$16 per month.

Rev. Viney has pastored churches in the States of Texas, Louisiana, California, Oregon, Washington, Ohio, and W. Virginia. In an "upper room" in Seattle, Wash., he received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. When a little child he had the conviction that in his life he should "tell the reason why of things written in the Scriptures." After entering into this higher Christian experience this conviction was renewed.

Rev. Viney received the revelation that "Heaven is a world of fire." He published that he would preach the following Sunday taking that for his theme. Before entering the pulpit a telegram was presented to him from the Cincinnati Enquirer requesting that the sermon be telegraphed to that paper at once. Two copies were devoted to the sermon the next day containing in bold head lines, "Heaven as Hot as Hell!"

After the close of the sermon, which was taken down by newspaper representatives, another telegram was received from the Chicago Tribune, making a similar request. It was the Tribune that gave him the cognomen the "Second John Jasper."

The next revelation he received was last May, when like a flash from Heaven, it was revealed to him that "Shem, Ham, and Japheth were the type of the Holy Trinity." Immediately he undertook the work of giving to the world a treatise on Hamitic Typology. Rev. Viney is a minister of the Baptist Church, and has translated several books of the New Testament which have had flattering criticisms passed upon them by leading scholars in this country, while hundreds of people white and colored are using his version. His exegesis upon the account of Melchizedek as appears elsewhere in this magazine surpasses anything we have seen on that subject.

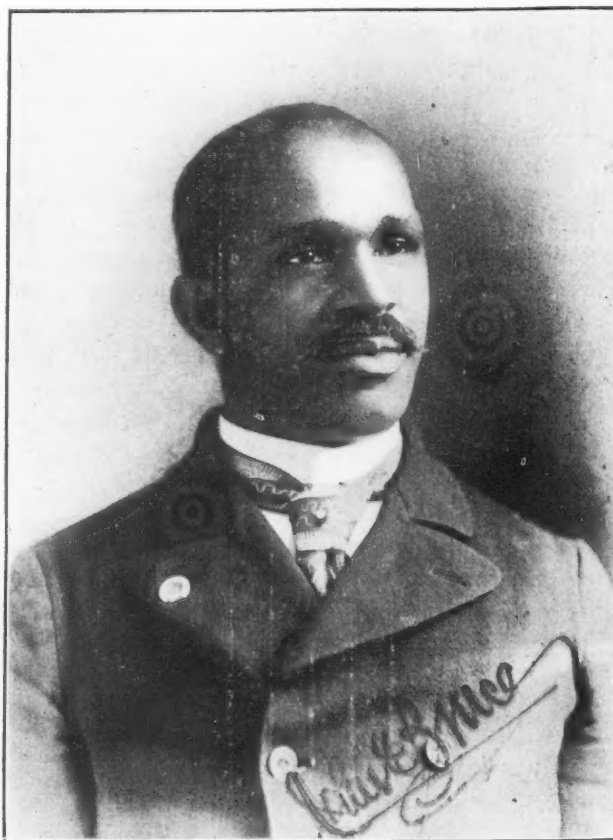
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Joseph R. Keeble and George N. Rainey are two energetic Boston young men. They conduct a very prosperous pool business at 649 Atlantic Avenue, opposite the South Station, Boston, Mass. They have also a hat cleaning and shoe dressing parlor combined, where they are fortunate in having the patronage of the white business section of the city, and the great throngs of the traveling public going to and from the

station. They also take orders for cleanings windows and brasses all over the city, and have built up a paying business by their thrift and prudence and keen business sagacity. They have a route of thirty-five stores and in their combined enterprises employ six men constantly.

These young men believe that merit

preached a special sermon to the Rising Star Circle of King's Daughters. Mrs. Randolph lectured the following Monday night on her trip abroad, through England, France and Scotland. There was a large number present for such occasion. Mrs. Randolph graphically portrayed the manners and customs of the people of some of the cities visited.



HON. JOHN EDWARD BRUCE.  
YONKERS, N. Y.

See Page 17.

and ability stand above color and working along this line have accomplished wonders, and are an example for all the young men of Boston.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Sunday, Nov. 22, at Zion A. M. E. Church, Rev. Florence Randolph preached to a large congregation at the morning service. At 7.30 P.M. she

In closing she said that the most magnificent city in the world was Paris. The lecture was an innovation which was greatly enjoyed. It was preceded by solos by Organist and Mrs. John Godette. Rev. Dr. E. George Biddle, presiding elder, and Rev. A. C. Powell were seated in the altar.





MR. SAMUEL BARRETT.  
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

See Page 46.

The National Sociological Society, which met in Washington, recently, to discuss the "Race Problem," created a special commission composed of three Negroes and three whites to bring the matter before Congress, and to be a permanent aid in effecting a solution. The three whites selected are: Rev. Dr. Dean Richmond Babbitt, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. Boyd, of Boston, and Hon. George Gorham of Washington, D. C. The colored members are: Hon. James Lawson, President of the Sociological Society; Prof. Kelly-Miller and Mr. Daniel Murray of Washington, D. C. — The Freeman.

\* \* \* \* \*

Frederick Q. Morton of Washington, District of Columbia, a colored student attending Harvard University, was one of the three Harvard representatives in the annual debate with Yale, held this week. Mr. Morton is a graduate of

Phillips-Exeter Academy, and is an exceptionally brilliant student. He made a distinct impression upon his audience, and though Yale carried off the honors of the evening, it cannot be said that Harvard's defeat was in any way due to the brilliant young colored man who represented her. Roscoe C. Bruce, now of Tuskegee Institute, was a member of the Harvard Debating Team for two of the three years he was here. The Negro people are fortunate in having representatives at Harvard who win recognition in both academics and athletics. Mr. Clarence Matthews of Tuskegee, class of 1897, is a Harvard student who has a place on the Harvard baseball team, and in its championship games with Yale in 1902 and 1903, carried off the honors of the game by sensational playing and batting.—Tuskegee Student.

\* \* \* \* \*

Reduction of Southern representation in Congress is no cure for the injustice of disfranchisement; it would rather place the sanction of the Government upon it. The election laws should be uniform in all of the States and the right



PROF. J. W. TUTT.  
PARIS, MO.

See Page 63.

of all eligible citizens to vote should not be subject to denial or abridgment. This whole matter will be finally settled on this basis. What the Republican party needs to do is to not reduce Southern representation in the National convention or Congress, but to take hold of the suffrage abuses in the Southern States, in a brave and honest manner, and clean up the whole business. The best interests of the Nation require that this be done. The best interests of the Republican party require that this be done.—New York Age.

\* \* \* \* \*

Announcement is made of the death at Washington, D. C., of Mrs. Helen Douglass, widow of the great Frederick Douglass. The deceased was not the mother of Mr. Douglass' children, but a white lady from Vermont, whom he married late in life.

With one exception all of Mr. Douglass' children survive. They are living admirable lives, quite worthy children of so eminent a father.

In her will Mrs. Douglass bequeathed the homestead, Cedar Hill, to a memorial association, to be ever maintained as a memorial to the great leader and champion of human rights. The idea is one that deserves to be carried out and such honor has been richly won by the greatest of Negro statesmen.—Columbus Observer.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Board of Trustees of Trinity College, after a session lasting until 2.30 o'clock this morning, declined to accept the resignation of Prof. J. S. Bassett. It had been tendered because of the criticism following a recent declaration by the professor that Booker T. Washington is the greatest man born in the South, with the exception of General Lee, in the last century.—New York Times.

Writing of his recent trip to Europe, under the caption, "Observations and Comparisons Abroad," Principal Booker T. Washington, makes some interesting comments in a recent issue of the Independent. "Three things," he says, "seem lately to have increased the interest of Europeans in everything relating to the American Negro.

"One is the fact that almost without exception the strong States of Europe, by reason of their colonial possessions, are coming into closer contact with the black man in Africa.

"It is the consensus of opinion that the Negro has reached a higher degree of civilization in America than in any other part of the world; hence the countries of Europe are anxious to study the black man in America with a view to improving conditions in their own African possessions, and to securing from among the people here expert and intelligent cotton growers to go into Africa.

"Another cause of increased interest on the part of the European public in the American Negro within the last few years is, I regret to say, the number of lynchings which have taken place in our country.

"It may not be generally known, but few people who have traveled in Europe will fail to agree with me when I say that practically every lynching that occurs in any part of America is reported in the European press, and in many cases with an exaggeration that causes an American to shrink with shame for the reputation of his country.

"A third cause of interest, strange as it may seem, is the introduction of the American Negro cake-walk.

"A company of colored people made their appearance last winter in a place of amusement on one of the fashionable boulevards, and, it seems, did the cake-walk to perfection. It took Paris by

storm. It was studied by French dancing masters, and the average Frenchman got the idea that the cake-walk was a new form of dance introduced into the aristocratic circles of Fifth avenue, New York, and at Newport, and it is almost impossible to make him understand that cake-walking is not universally popular in America.

"After giving this new form of dance serious study, the French dancing masters solemnly declared that it could not be introduced successfully in the French ballrooms, but however this may be, I saw a pretty good imitation of it.

"Two truths above others are impressed continually upon a colored man traveling in Europe. First, that the average morality of the Negro in any part of America compares most favorably with that of the same grade of people in any section of Europe. My own individual opinion, based upon considerable observation, leads me to make the statement that the moral status of

the colored people in every part of the United States is higher than the average moral status of the European peoples.

"Lastly, one who has made even a cursory study of the conditions of the working and middle classes of people in European countries, cannot refrain from constantly asking himself, how do the conditions and prospects of these classes compare with those of the Negro in America? This is a question much more easily asked than answered.

"I would say that the condition and prospects of the American Negro are better than those of the classes of Europeans to which I have been referring.

"My general conclusion, after observing conditions in foreign countries more than once, is that with the exercise on the part of white men and of black men, of due patience, forbearance, courage and perseverance, the difficulties which often trouble both races in America are not insurmountable."—Dr. Booker T. Washington.

## LINCOLN HOSPITAL AND TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES.

JAS. EDWARD MASON, D. D.

December 10 and 11 of last year stand out as the Red Letter days of the Lincoln Hospital, 141st St., New York City. This institution is one of the best in the country with which the Negro is identified. The staff of physicians is white, and contains some of the best practitioners, while the nurses are all colored. For sixty years the name of this institution was the "Home of the Aged and Friendless." Its history in many respects was remarkable. Many intensely interesting incidents could be cited, but time and space will not permit. The work, being purely philanthropic, brought to its aid some of the most wealthy and distinguished men and

women of the mighty Metropolis. The generous treatment of the aged and unfortunate of our race by this noble band during a period of more than half a century, will always remain a theme for praise and commendation among Afro-Americans.

Four years ago the rapid growth of the city and transformation of the social conditions made a change in the policy of the Institution necessary. In honor of the great Emancipator, the name was changed to the "Lincoln Hospital and Home and Training School for Nurses." Its progress since has been most substantial, and alike gratifying to its white friends, and a source of help

and inspiration to the young women of the Race. The graduating class at the recent Commencement was the largest and most brilliant in its history. It comprised the following named persons:

Miss Sadie Electa Poole, Staten Island, N. Y.; Mrs. Ernestine E. Jackson, Saratoga, N. Y.; Miss Anna E. Anderson, Augusta, Ga.; Miss Louise Mae Wright, New York City; Miss Minnie R. King, Savannah, Ga.; Miss Miranda E. Conley, Augusta, Ga.; Miss Julia M. Coggeswell, Kent, Conn.; Miss Francis L. Johnson, New York City; Mrs. Hortense E. Trent, Savannah, Ga.; Mrs. Martha J. G. Johnson, Hamilton, Ont.; Miss Permella A. Jefferson, Augusta, Ga.; Miss Lula L. Nixon, New Haven, Conn.

The reception at the hospital on the evening of December 10 was largely attended and a social success in every way. The decorations were tasteful and artistic. Prominent representatives of the race were in attendance from Springfield, Boston, Philadelphia, Rochester, Ossining, Orange, Newark, Jersey City, Saratoga, New Haven, and a large constituency from Greater New York.

An orchestra discoursed delightful music, while many indulged in the terp-

sichorean art. A splendid menu was served by a prominent caterer.

The graduating exercises were held Friday evening, December 11, at the Academy of Medicine, before a select audience of prominent white and colored citizens and visitors. Dr. Albert R. Ledoux presided. Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, offered a most impressive prayer. The address of the evening was by the well-known philanthropist, Mr. Robert C. Ogden, President of the Southern Educational Board. The address was highly practical, timely and inspiring, and evidenced his deep sympathy for the race to whose interest he has devoted so many years of untiring energy. Dr. Booker T. Washington, being present, was called upon by the chairman, and made interesting and suggestive remarks. After some wholesome words of counsel were given to the class by Dr. Ledoux, the diplomas were presented by Miss E. Booth, President of the Lady Board of Managers. The doxology was rendered, after which the benediction was pronounced by the chaplain, Rev. Abbott L. R. Waite. An informal reception was then held.

## HOME TRAINING.

PROF. J. W. TUTT.

All great endings have a beginning, all great achievements are the results of well-planned fundamental principles. Hence the mothers and fathers should begin early the development work of the children of their household. Being as they are responsible for a certain portion of the training of their children they should, in order to eliminate that responsibility; do as God has instructed them: "Raise up the child in

the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Neglect of this single injunction has caused many a parent to suffer untold miseries. Whatever the child is to be, whatever height he may attain, whatever honor he may rightly claim, must have their origin in his early training. The influence of the family fireside, the incidents and scenes brought to bear upon the plastic mind of childhood, are legacies



of rare gems, that find their culmination only in years of maturity. How often do the minds of the aged revert to the scenes of their childhood. And if those scenes were pleasant, how forcibly does this expression of the writer fall upon their minds:

"Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight,

Make me a child again just for tonight."

Those who have not the pure and perfect training of childhood, seldom have occasion to long for the existence of their springtime, unless it would be for the correction of false training. And sad will be they, whose children in after

years shall discover the errors you made, dear mother and father, in doing that you should not have done, and not doing that you should have done. These things will visit you, though your mission on earth is o'er. Ever remember the springtime of our existence. How like a plant! Must we grow up among thorns, thistles and briars, without cultivation? If so, what will you exact of us? an abundance of fruit?

If thou expect great things in the future, remember thou must put something into the present.

## FEUD LIFE IN KENTUCKY.

### A REVIEW.

CHARLES ALEXANDER.

The privilege of visiting the wonderful chemical laboratory of a great scientist is a rare treat to the plain citizen. The writer was welcomed into the laboratory of Professor John Uri Lloyd, a few days ago and had the honor of a brief interview with the eminent and distinguished scientist.

Prof. John Uri Lloyd, Ph.D., LL.L., one of the most eminent scientists in the United States, while devoting the major portion of his time to the writing of purely scientific works and looking after the details of a large commercial enterprise, is more than a scientist—he is a remarkable man. When it is appreciated that the thought and life of the traditional scientist is largely sequestered and cloistered, it is at once apparent that this one is an exceptional man. He is a man of indefatigable mental energy and indomitable will power. Beside being a very successful manufacturing pharmacist, he is a great chemist and

author. His contributions to medical, pharmaceutical, and chemical journals alone have been of sufficient bulk to occupy all of an ordinary man's time. But his capacity for work is extraordinary. When "Rober's Biography of Eminent Pharmacists of the World" was published a few years ago in Geneva, Switzerland, only five pharmacists were selected for America, and he is one of that number.

Professor Lloyd is the author of "Chemistry of Medicine" (1881), and many other scientific works.

But he has found time to write five notable volumes of fiction. These splendid works of fiction, beginning with "Etidorhpa," largely the record of speculative metaphysical thought in connection with a study of the geological formation of a certain section of Eastern Kentucky, and ending with "Red Head," a careful study of a strange character who was devoted to feud life, are

destined to live as a great scholar's contribution to American literature.

This is the age of the novelist. The ardent admirer of recent historical novels, if he traverses the ground with critical discrimination, will find but few productions of our day that possess that enduring quality that will give them the right to live and rank among the works of fiction of two generations ago. The fact is, while there are many novelists at the present time, there are very few who will be remembered fifty years hence on account of any special merit found in their works. Professor Lloyd may easily be counted among this limited number.

"Red Head," the latest book from the pen of this very versatile writer, is a unique and wonderful character study. It deals with the emotions, passions, and

superstitions of a strange boy—a boy who was abandoned to feud life. This boy is an uncommon creation. With the merit of sound historical construction and dignified literary treatment, this faithful portrayal of feud life in the wilds of Eastern Kentucky is linked together by a beautiful love story—a charming and striking feature of the swift running narrative.

The book contains 220 pages, and from a typographical standpoint it is a work of art. It contains ten full-page illustrations and a cover design by Mr. Reginald B. Birch. Each text page is beautifully decorated with scenes from the picturesque Stringtown country.

The publishers' price is \$1.60 net. Postage 14 cents extra.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York City, Publishers.

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## THE NEW YEAR.

CHAS. M. WHITE.

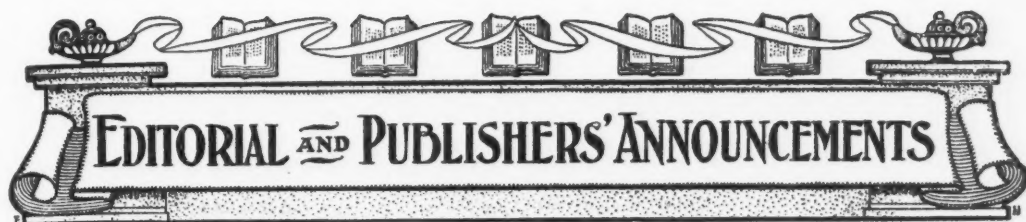
A mystic veil seems to divide  
The present from the past;  
This mystic veil we push aside,  
But to behold! Alas!

The ghastly images of deeds  
Wrought as the passion came,  
Which stroll the halls of memory,  
Wrapped up in secret shame.

The curtain drawn again aside  
Reveals another scene—  
Ambition rules whate'er betide;  
Which shows what might have been.

Faint voices from the world beyond  
Of friends we loved so well;  
Like unto thee, seem to respond—  
"Vain world, Farewell—Farewell!"

The bells ring out in doleful chime  
Their echo—we can hear;  
From o'er the silent sea of time,—  
"Farewell, Departed Year."



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82 W. CONCORD STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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We are glad to welcome among our exchanges the breezy and newsy Buxton (Iowa) Eagle. Its editor is the Rev. R. H. Williamson, a brainy man with great hustling capabilities. The Eagle is the best paper ever edited by Negroes in Iowa. Rev. Williamson is a strong friend of "The Colored American Magazine," and is doing good service for it in his section.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Elizabeth Scott of Stamford, Conn., is a duly authorized agent of "The Colored American Magazine," and is doing good work for us in Connecticut.

Mr. J. P. Jones, whose picture appears in this issue, is the agent for "The Colored American Magazine" in Millboro, Virginia.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of "A Political Shock" and other poems, by John F. Guillaume of Straight University, New Orleans, La. The pamphlet is brimming over with beau-

tiful thoughts, and we shall give our readers selections from its pages in the near future.

We also acknowledge the receipt of two copies of "The Successful Training of the Negro," by Dr. Washington. This is a reprint from "World's Work," of August, '03, and is beautifully illustrated. As a souvenir of Tuskegee Institute it is invaluable. Issued by Doubleday, Page and Company.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are pleased to announce that Rev. Florence Randolph, Jersey City, N. J., will be among the contributors to "The Colored American Magazine" during the year 1904.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tuskegee, Ala., Nov. 27—The Tuskegee Institute football team on Thanksgiving Day, by a score of 5 to 0, defeated the Fisk University eleven on the Tuskegee Institute grounds. The Fisk representatives have been regarded for many years as the unbeaten colored team of the country. Not less than 2000 people were in attendance.

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 Memphis—J. L. BRINKLEY, 150 Beal Street.

## TEXAS.

Austin—MRS. M. B. PIERCE, 803 E. 11th Street.  
 Beaumont—WM. ARCHIBALD, Box 267.  
 Marshall—FRED E. SLEDGE.  
 San Antonio—MRS. C. H. ELLIS, 201 N. Cherry Street.  
 Waco—J. W. FRIDIA, 102 E. Side Square.

## VIRGINIA.

Charlottesville—C. H. BULLOCK, 225 4th Street.  
 Lexington—PATRICK A. PAYNE.  
 Norfolk—E. B. CANADAY, 135 Queen Street.  
 Portsmouth—JEFFERY T. WILSON, Carroll Street.  
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 Staunton—E. R. HARVEY, 811 Stuart Street.  
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## WISCONSIN.

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